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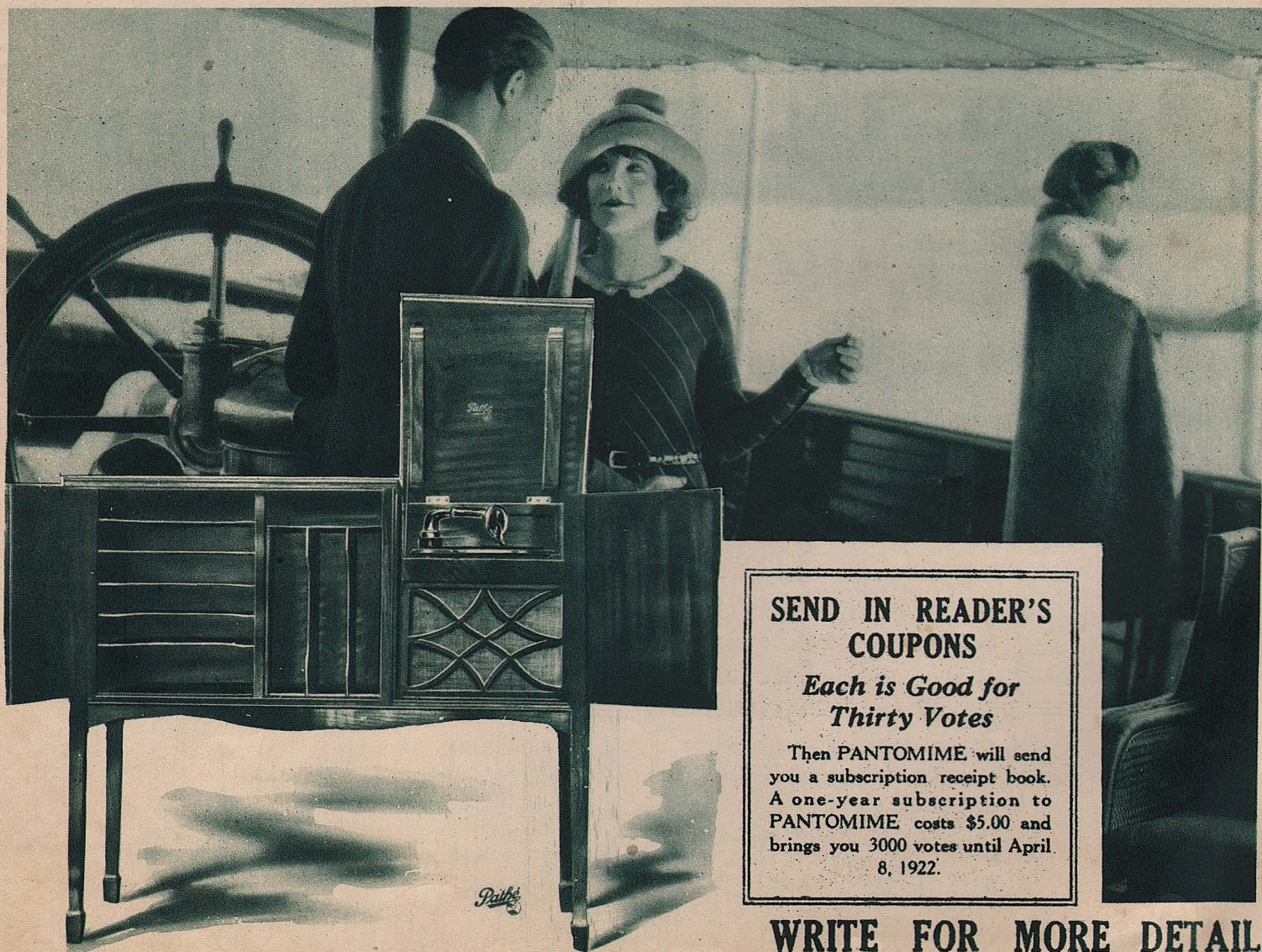


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Little "Mary the Second," niece and adopted daughter of "The Sweetheart of the World," is going to grow up to be 100 percent American, if Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks has anything to say about it. Here's "Our Mary," telling Mary II all about the Daddy of our country.

The bust of said Daddy is in front of them because "Our Mary" is convinced that seein' is believin'—even if she is in the movies.

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Walt

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

PROBABLY it is not an original remark to say that American critics of the screen are peculiar people.

It is over a year ago since Pola Negri was proclaimed to be an actress of superb ability who would make any American star look to her laurels. Now the same proclaimers of talent are busy with Charles Hensel, the English comedian, who has just made his debut in "Alf's Button." He is hailed as being second only to Charlie Chaplin. Also great stress is laid upon the fact that Charlie is not American trained. Alma Taylor, in the same English production, receives laudatory mention that exceeds any which has ever been given an American actress for a purely character part.

We have no desire to belittle the talents of these foreign players. The two women are superb actresses and Hensel is a comedian of first rank. What we do object to is the manifestly unfair comparison with American players.

Were foot racing a recognized sport among the women of China, a Chinese sports writer would be regarded as an idiot if he would praise every woman with unbound feet, as a marvel, merely because she could travel faster than the natives with their crippled feet.

The American actor and actress are laboring under an even more severe handicap when it comes to acting. Somewhere in the swaddling days of the industry still in its infancy, some actor or actress who had a blemish on the face covered it with "whitewash" and his face looked clean on the screen compared to the others. Unfortunately black and whites do not show a complexion.

The "white" face was regarded as being preferable to the mottled black and white.

Now by the time an American actress gets ready to face the camera her face is covered with an absolute mask of make-up. Her only means of expression are her mouth and eyes and even these are severely bound by the cake of preparation which is laid on so thickly that movements of the mouth and eyes must be distorted to make them appear at all natural.

Foreign screen actors and actresses work without even as much make-up as the average flapper wears on Broadway.

Americans have sought beauty, and their beauty on the screen is unchallenged. Foreigners have sought a means of expression and many of them have attained it.

Honors seem to be about equal in the two fields; and until such time as they will compete in the same class it would seem that dramatic critics should keep away from comparisons.

THE first of the incinerated crusted biscuits of the bride's first batch is awarded this week to Adam Hull Shirk, who sought to convince us recently of Gloria Swanson's hardihood by stating that in the filming of her latest production she had spent several hours in "the ICY waters of the Rio Grande."

This is to a couple of roughnecks who remember well the days of the sojourn of the National Guard along the banks of the same Rio Grande, when the mess cook merely dropped the spuds into the sluggish waters and pulled them out fifteen minutes later fully boiled.

WE were talking to the press agent for Marie Prevost, begging for some stills of her in fashionable clothes. Some were shown us, but they didn't do Marie justice—the clothes did not have that much-desired chic appearance. "None of these will do for fashion illustrations,"

we objected. "The cloths looked all right, and Miss Prevost looks all right, but some way they give the impression that she doesn't know how to wear clothes." "Give her time," said the P. A. for the former bathing beauty. "She hasn't been wearing them long."

ALMOST daily for about two weeks, beginning a month ago, we were importuned to go to Yonkers to see a studio run of the latest George Arliss picture, "The Ruling Passion." The P. A. who extended the series of invitations was not interested in the star or in the production, but in one of the supporting cast. We couldn't see why it wouldn't be just as well to wait until the run for the critics was given.

"The picture is too long, and it's a cinch that they won't cut out any of Arliss, so I'm afraid my man's performance will suffer. I would like you to see it complete—it's wonderful."

His fears were justified. So much of his man's wonderful performance was cut out that he doesn't appear in the picture at all.

THERE is a complaint that no one in the industry thinks of the future. We have found a press agent who does, however. In fact, he rather overdoes it.

We went to this particular P. A. who represents two very noted stars, in hopes that he might have a photograph of a certain minor player, related to one of them. He had, but he didn't want to give it up. His attitude surprised us—for the photograph showed both of his stars, in addition to the player. Finally he explained his reluctance:

"You know this player has just been married, and you know that you can't tell about weddings. If I let this picture out, and anything happens in the future, it's bound to be dug up and I lose my job."

PRESS AGENTS just have to exaggerate. Two of them were at dinner and one recalled a rather important engagement he had forgotten. "I'll explain that you had a sudden attack of illness at dinner and I had to take you home," he said. "And you back me up."

The second P. A. agreed and the next day his friend was kept busy explaining how he could be at work when he had come down with double pneumonia, indigestion, and a weak heart the night before.

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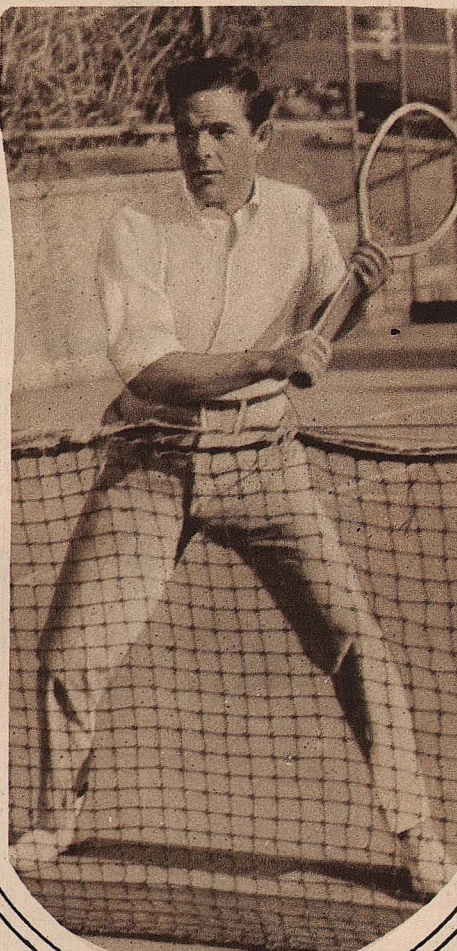
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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—determines it be-

cause Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

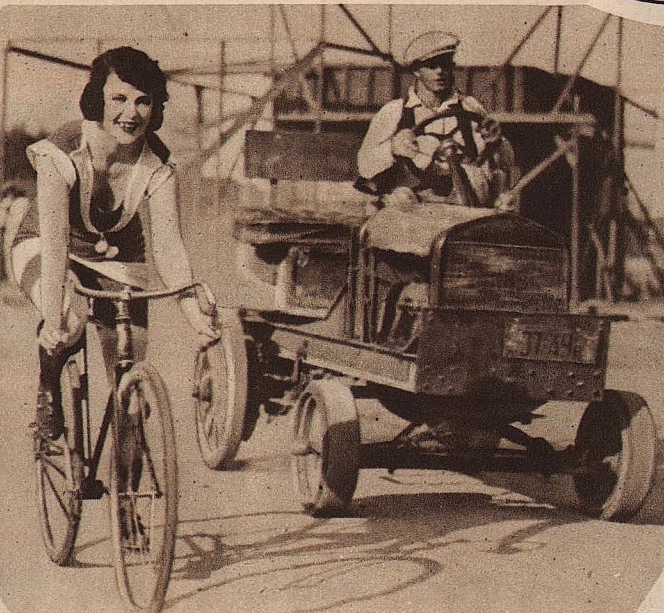
How They Play

Rather close to the net if you were asking for a criticism of Tony Moreno in tennis singles. However, the serious way in which he holds his racket, and the tense expression in his eyes, would tempt us to want him on our side if we were playing a game of baseball.

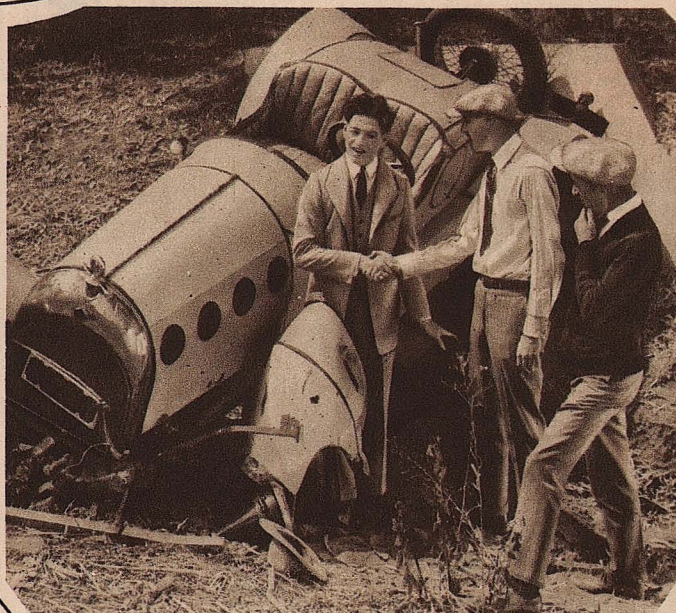


Anybody would know that Lois Wilson was just playing at fishing in this scene. If she weren't, her eyes would be on her line watching eagerly for a nibble. It was nice of her, though, to forget her fishing long enough to give us the full effect of that smile.

Teddy Gerard can make play of almost anything. In the books of popular fiction the hardy hero of the North always proves his mettle by a trip on snow shoes. But Teddy is never off them when Fate is kind and sends her snow scenes for locations.



This might be play even if it was a serious race. But it is only a play race, anyhow, for what truck driver would speed his engine up so that he would pass Jacqueline Logan, at any time? Especially when she is attired in such a costume.



Maybe you would think that Cullen Landis isn't playing in this picture. But he is—playing that he isn't frightened, and playing that he doesn't really mind that his nice new car is all smashed up in an accident only three days after he bought it.

Bill Hart and "Charlie"

By Paul H. Conlon

IN the good old summer time, in the good old summer time—
Not softly, but irresistibly the haunting strains of the old melody were wafted through a studio window, penetrating to the consciousness of a man who paced steadily to and fro. The man's step faltered; he listened intently. The tune continued, over and over. It could mean but one thing, this ancient music.

An organ-grinder and—a monkey!

Bill Hart was galvanized into action. He leaped to the window threw aside a curtain and peered down at the street below.

"Hello-o! Meester Beel Hart!" sang out the cheery voice of a happy-go-lucky Italian musician, who, however, never ceased cranking his organ. A slender, graceful little monkey doffed his hat many times in greeting, and then waved it about his head. Like a small boy, the erstwhile serious Western star was down stairs, and out on the street in less moments than there were steps.

A recipe never looked better to a home-brewer than the little monkey did to Bill Hart. Why? Because he had written a story in which a pet monkey plays a most important part. In fact, a monkey was absolutely necessary to the plot.

Bill had been worrying for weeks about his pet story, because his staff had scoured Los Angeles for the certain kind of monkey needed, and none could be found. There were highly intelligent chimpanzees and other species, but the story required just a little South American monkey, such as always appeared with the old-fashioned organ-grinder years ago, to delight the children. And prohibition in Los Angeles extends also to harmless monkeys on the streets. Therefore, the Hart staff were having a discouraging search.

But city ordinances could not apply to this organ-grinder who answers to the usual name of Tony, and his simian friend, Charlie. They had come to Los Angeles hunting work in the movies.

Could Charlie perform the cute little tricks that were always part of the repertoire of the wandering entertainers in the old days? Charlie could, and he did. He went much further. After Bill Hart had encouraged both monkey and master with the necessary coins, the inimitable Charlie proceeded with character portrayals of such amusing but remarkable mimicry that he was engaged on the spot.

From Tony's comfortable pockets Charlie fished a quaint felt hat, a pair of spectacles, a clay pipe and a suit of clothes. His master handed him a cane and a small mirror. In a jiffy this long-tailed actor had donned the coat and trousers. Then, seated upon his large and useful tail, Charlie made up. Behold an old gentleman! Using said tail for a chair, Charlie smoked his pipe and read the morning paper with the aid of the specs. And, in response to the applause of Bill and the crowd, he arose and with the aid of his cane, ambled off with all the rheumatic gait of an old man.

Many more tricks did Charlie perform that day, but he had already done enough to bring joy to the screen star's heart.

No doubt it sounds like "much ado about nothing," but I can assure you that the acquisition of this little pet monkey meant a great deal to William S. Hart. Of the nine special productions that he made for Paramount release, five of the stories were written by the star himself. Each was a pet

story which he had treasured for some time, awaiting the day when he would put everything he possessed into their production. And, each of these has proven to be better than the one before. The first four which alternated with other productions were "The Toll Gate," "The Testing Block," "O'Malley of the Mounted," "White Oak," and "Travelin' On."

Having engaged Charlie on the spot, Bill invited the wanderers into his office where their names were listed and business transacted. Evidently Charlie had heard of the fortunes to be made in motion pictures. It was a case of "take me, take my master,"—and so Tony and Charlie were each guaranteed four weeks' work at a salary of \$100 per week. The "papers" were duly drawn up and signed by the "party of the first part" and the "party of the second part." Some contract for a monkey actor—but as was subsequently proved, Charlie was worth it.

Attired in black frock coat, gray check trousers and black felt hat, in imitation of the gambler villain of "Travelin' On,"—Charlie holds as much quaintly amusing, but pathetic appeal on the screen as he did behind the scenes. And, he worked very hard, did this little monkey, even in the terrific rainstorm scenes. Can you imagine big, serious Bill Hart going into a thunderstorm to catch a runaway monkey? Yet this old roush supplies one of the biggest dramatic situations of the story.

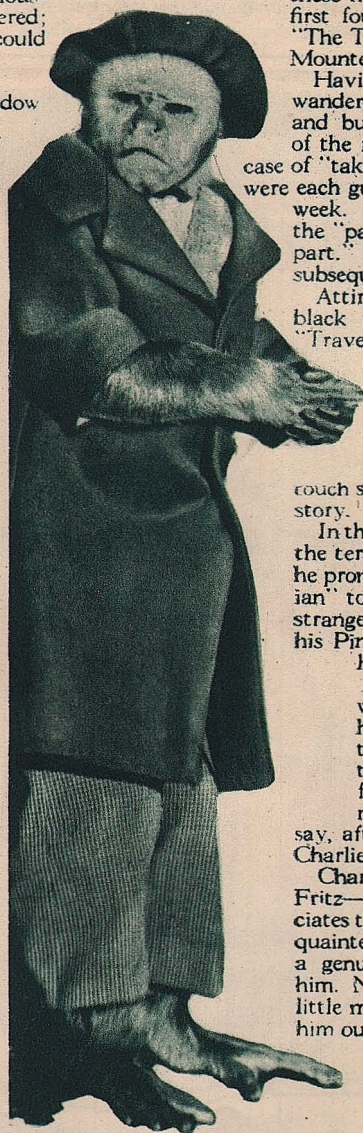
In the role of J. B. the star spends half the night pursuing the terrified monkey through the storm, not only because he promised a dance-hall girl that he would act as "guardian" to her pet, but because he had come to care for the strange little animal. While J. B. is gone someone steals his Pinto pony and holds up the stage. And there you have a most peculiar situation.

Even the intelligent Pinto likes little Charlie—which is extraordinary, because as a rule Bill Hart's horse is extremely jealous of his master. Any attention he may bestow upon another animal is likely to result disastrously for the offender. The Pinto formerly had but two pals, Elizabeth, a funny giant mule, and Cactus Kate, a bronco. But, strange to say, after a few days of doubtfulness, Fritz even allowed Charlie to sit in the saddle on his back.

Charlie enjoys this accomplishment—making friends with Fritz—more than anything else he does. He appreciates the fact that the Pinto is a hard animal to get acquainted with, and because the little horse shows a genuine liking for him Charlie never jokes with him. Nothing could be more dignified than the way the little monk sits in the saddle, and one sure way of keeping him out of mischief is to place him atop of Fritz. As long as he is there he is as quiet and as serious as a little boy in a girl's Sunday School Class.

Some monkey! He ought to go into politics.

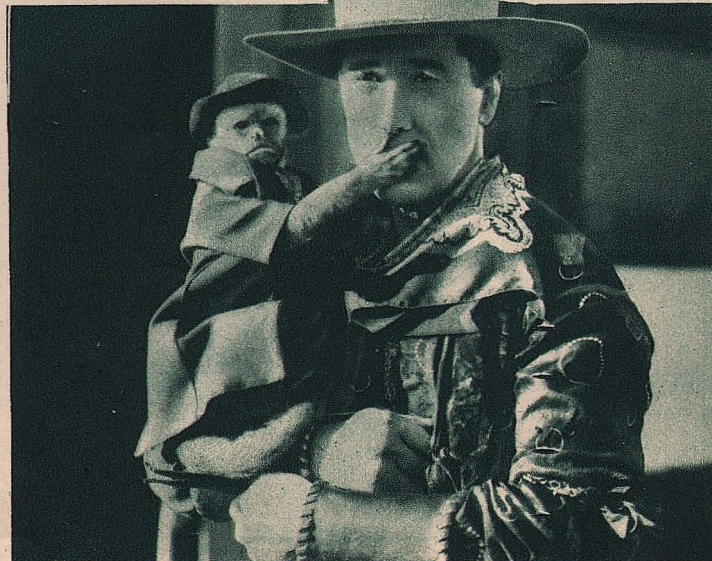
Or are there too many monkeys in politics already?



If Charlie could just talk, he'd probably say something harsh. He looks like he's good and sore



Bill and li'l Mary Jane seem interested in the book—but Charlie seems rather bored.



Charlie has an effective way of stopping Bill from talking too much.

Do We Mind Being Kissed?

By Lila Lee

THIS is one case, I guess, where one may kiss and tell.

Do we mind being kissed—for screen purposes?

Well, of course, I wouldn't presume to answer for anyone but myself in such a personal matter. Perhaps my experience isn't representative enough, though I've been kissed by several of the most kissable men on the screen—Wallace Reid and Thomas Meighan and Jack Holt, just for instance.

Perhaps you'll think it's terribly unromantic of me, but kissing in front of a movie camera is, to me, just a part of the day's work. Some directors demand a lot of it and some less. Generally speaking, I prefer the latter type.

Here Lila is just about to be kissed by Jack Holt—and Jack's married too.



site sexes. It doesn't happen that way in real life.

Often the kiss is just the director's alibi; he can't think of a clever bit of action and uses the kiss to bridge the gap.

If you will notice, the better class of directors use the kiss sparingly. William De Mille, who possesses one of the keenest brains and most romantic imaginations of anyone producing for the screen, never has his characters kiss unless a kiss is the only thing that could logically happen in a given situation.

How long should a screen kiss last?

Many censors, I hear, judge whether a kiss is nice or not by the number of feet it takes for its consummation.

Here is Lila's pal, Gloria Swanson, and Rudolf Valentino—just getting ready to kiss. Neither seems especially happy about it.



Thomas Meighan is also married, but he kisses Lila too. Tough job!

Not that I don't approve of the screen kiss, especially if one is lucky enough to play opposite such handsome stars as I have had lately. In principle, it's all right.

But I believe it can be, and frequently is, overdone. There is no point, for instance, in having two players who are portraying an engaged couple indulge in promiscuous osculation every time they come within range of the camera. The director has no imagination if he cannot think of a more subtle way of conveying their love for each other than that!

There is also something lacking in the director or scenario writer who insists that a kiss inevitably follows the briefest acquaintance of two screen players of oppo-



Conrad Nagel is kissing Lila—brushing his hair at the same time. We'd never do that!

I don't judge them that way. I have a certain sixth sense that warns me when a kiss is being held too long. In fact, a kiss, to be perfect, should be a little too short! You know it's a good rule to carry into every phase of life that you should have just a little less of everything than it would take to satisfy you. This applies to kissing, as well as ice cream sodas and lobster salad.

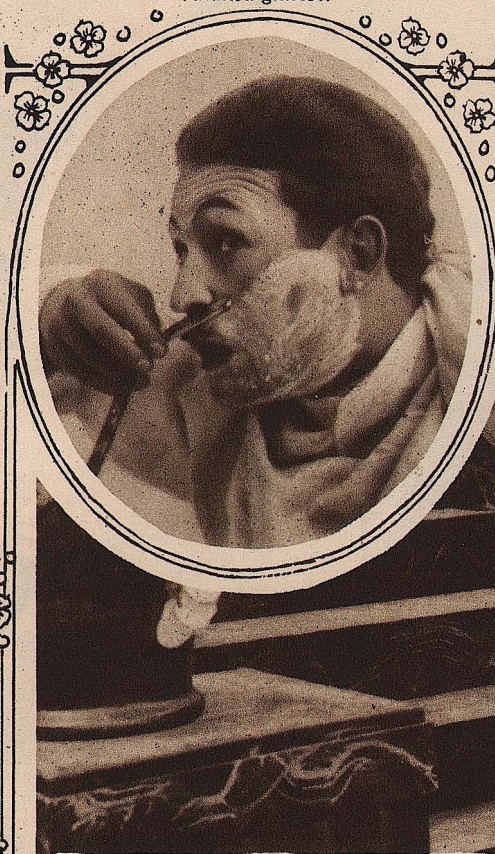
Frankly, were I to meet such a perfect kiss in the studio, I probably wouldn't recognize it. For screen kisses to a motion picture actress are reel rather than real kisses. There is no thought behind them—they are passing, evanescent, impersonal.

The Falls and Rise of Harold Lloyd

By Joe Reddy

PART II

The end of "Lonesome Luke." Here's Lloyd shaving off his mustache prior to donning horn-rimmed glasses.



play was over, Harold fared to his rooms, where the older man put him through his paces in having him try out a variety of effects in "make up." Then the elder would take the center of the room as instructor, teaching the youth everything he knew.

Although a mere lad, Harold played everything in stock from juvenile roles to aged men of eighty. Then he was drilled in dialects suited to the characters portrayed. Sometimes for his own friends—but these are rare occasions, for Lloyd has a horror of doing anything that he thinks may be "showing off"—he will still depict the Cockney Englishman, or a Scotchman, or an Irishman—anything—anybody—for his powers of mimicry have no limits.

During the period when his voice changed, he remained with the company as prompter—no easy task—for he memorized all the lines and cues.



This is a scene from the first two-reel comedy made by Lloyd. The girl is Bebe Daniels.

"An actor!"
"But," said he, "actors don't amount to much, do they?"
"I wouldn't want to be one unless I could be a good one," I answered.

The answer sealed an interesting friendship and led to another meeting by appointment, when the leading man arranged with the company to give the youthful actor a try-out as "Abraham" in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Harold threw himself with his usual enthusiasm into the role of "Tess" hard-headed little brother, that brought its own reward, for the next morning following his first performance, behold his name in the criticism of the play and the following tribute:

"Tess" little brother was done by Master Harold Lloyd, who demonstrated that he has a dramatic instinct which will carry him on to success in the histrionic art."

His success won him a place in the company, and he followed this youthful triumph with another in "Miss Nell," in which he played the call boy, and again was commended in the press for his refreshing work, the criticism concluding: "Master Lloyd was perfectly at ease despite his youth."

That original stock company is widely scattered. Some have won fame as directors and screen stars, while Frank Bacon has had remarkable success on the speaking stage in "Lightnin'." Lloyd cherishes a tender feeling for that old company, for many tricks of the stage were learned by his association with them. With his keen, burning desire to absorb everything absorbable, his evening was not ended when the curtain went down on the last act. The leading man was interested in him, and each night when the

Then the day came when the stock company shut down for the season. Harold's father had decided to move to San Diego.

High school, athletics and last but not least, the stage, occupied all Hal's days; the latter encroaching heavily on his nights. Just how he accomplished it all is a mystery, for he made excellent marks in his studies; was a member of the football team, and so good an all-around athlete that he was always spoken of glowingly by his mates as "double-jointed, limber Lloyd." At the same time he was also a member of the Grand Stock Company and assistant instructor in the San Diego School of Expression. A theatrical class was organized in the high school and of course he was in charge of this.

Then, too, every Wednesday afternoon he appeared before various woman's clubs as Shakespearean reader—this in connection with his work at the School of Expression. He knew by heart all the Shakespearean tragedies; many of the historical plays, and several of the comedies. The School of Expression put on many plays in which he had leading roles and so his memory never knew rest. As he puts it:

"I soon found myself borrowing time, and in debt for sleep."

These busy days were succeeded by others hardly less exacting, for his schooling finished, he went out with a road show where began his work in character roles. These showed him as a master of make-up. His father, J. D. Lloyd, has his work-end covered with most remarkable portrayals which his famous son achieved—portrayals of every conceivable character and nationality, even including a Chinaman.

(To be continued)

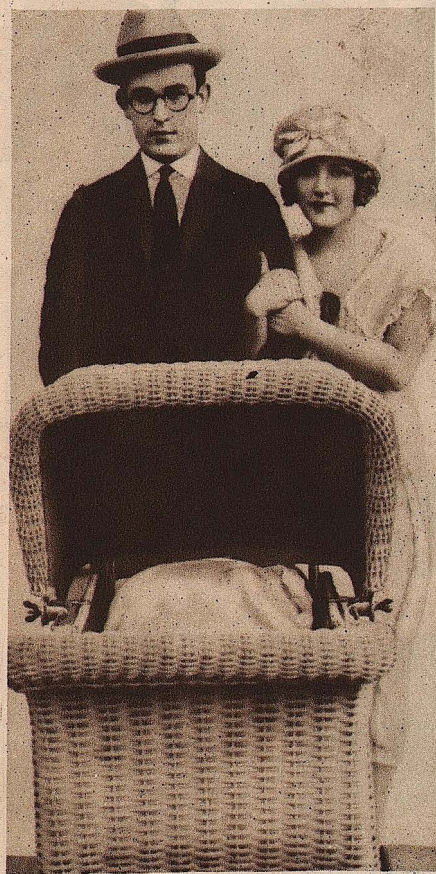
THOSE days in Omaha, Harold Lloyd counts as the happiest in his life. Crowded days they were, for he handed himself over to his studies with the same zeal that he carried to his acting and his "business life." There were long evenings when he was employed on "plot construction" for his "westerns."

The plot usually was the same, the main feature being the kidnaping of mother and baby by the Indians. A boy dressed for the part was the mother, and a large rag doll was the baby. There was much chasing by cowboys, and much chewing of dust by the Indians, and the hero (Harold) always slaughtering them single-handed, and rescuing the kidnaped just when they were about to be attached to a burning stake.

A play was a serious thing to the comedian in his knickerbocker days. From stage settings to make-up—everything was important. As for the latter, he was decidedly inventive, pulverized brickbats and coal black being employed instead of grease paint whose uses had not dawned upon his mental horizon.

Harold Lloyd now has under production a comedy of small-town life with the working title, "He Who Hesitates." Its central theme is that a youth can accomplish whatever he sets out to do.

Lloyd has always believed this. He believed it at the age of fourteen years, when his opportunity came to appear before the real footlights. The Burwood Stock Company was playing in Omaha and by chance, one night, Harold met the leading man on a street corner. But let him



With Mildred Davis in "I Do," a two-reeler. An apt illustration of Harold's version of humor.

tell of this encounter himself, for it was the turning point of his life, and he was aware of it:

"We were standing at the corner of Sixteenth and Douglas Streets, listening to a phrenologist. I was quite short and couldn't see through the crowd, when I felt a hand on my shoulder and the man at my side said, 'What are you going to be when you grow up?'"

More Yodelings by Eustace

More remarks by the office boy

I DON'T see why de Boss lets me write dese stories, 'cause it ain't reasonable that I could know how to write any after him tellin' me I didn't have no sense. Dat's de way it always is—all he t'inks about is gettin' all de help he can, and havin' others do his work. Guess if dis ain't no good he'll throw it out—and if it is—he's just in dat much.

We've moved our offices from down town where all de oil stocks is sold to 1600 Broadway, right here where de movies all is. All de big distributors is 'roun' us now. You know—places where dey runs off de pictures fer de censors to look at. Not much to that stuff. I've seen some pictures wot I bet no censor seen—golly if dey had!

But oh boy! You ought to see some of de peaches wot rides in dese here elevators! Im' glad we moved! Wish I didn't have nuttin' to do but ride up and down. Most of de big film companies has offices in dis buildin'. Course they ain't got de studios here. That is, not de big places where dey acts. But they does lots of de work in dis buildin' and 'course, they's a lot of actors and actorines wot comes in.

They's a little blonde wid curls wot comes up a



De Boss said dey wuz goin' to git a \$5.00 gold piece. You know he's promised a shiny gold piece every time somebody sent in subscriptions wot comes to \$30.00 between now and April 5th and thirty votes for every reader's coupon. Dem reader's coupons counts up fast. Wot gits me is why more people ain't sendin' 'em in. De Boss has a hundred prizes to give away—reader's coupons is good as any—to git 'em—gee I wish I could git in dat race.

Someone else got busy on de files. Well, we woiks dat night till way late. In de mornin' I wuz up and out bright and early 'cause I wuz plum daffy to see de new place. I gits dere afore anybody else. I jes' waits 'roun' and pretty soon some more of de bunch comes along—and den de Boss. He lets us in but afore I gits de



Marie Prevost and Bertram Grossley sent this picture to the Boss with a letter sayin' they wuz dancin' to jazz on one of our phonographs.

Stars in the \$22,000 Race

Name	Votes
D. Arnold, Atlanta, Ga.	30
Marie Arnick, Broad Brook, Conn.	30
J. Atkins, Rockford, Ill.	30
L. T. Anderson, Newport, Ark.	30
F. Baca, St. Louis, Mo.	30
W. S. Blount, Waynesboro, Ga.	30
P. D. J. Beekman, New York City	30
Angela Buba, Braddock, Pa.	30
C. L. Christiansen, Fort Wadsworth, N. Y.	30
Anne Comite, Newark, N. J.	30
E. B. Cottrell, Richmond, Va.	30
G. Davis, Aurora, Ind.	30
Laurette Doucet, Salem, Mass.	30
F. Domkoski, Pittston, Pa.	30
L. Dodson, Rome, Ga.	30
R. Davis, Red Bay, Ala.	30
Freda Doettger, Philadelphia, Pa.	30
A. W. Evans, Franklin, Ohio.	30
S. Eithymos, Springfield, Mass.	30
O. Eisele, Onawa, Iowa.	30
Mildred Fagan, Shelbyville, Ill.	30
J. A. Fisher, Monticello, Mass.	6000
Mrs. J. Germain, Syracuse, N. Y.	30
J. C. Garvin, New York City	30
Mary Goebel, Chicago, Ill.	30
J. Gagas, Cleveland, Ohio.	30
Louise Hammock, Kenova, W. Va.	30
Madeleine Hoeh, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
Grace Holt, Leavenworth, Kan.	30
H. C. Honan, Ockley, Ind.	30
Susie H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.	30
C. F. Jacob, Chicago, Ill.	30
Anna Jennings, Portland, Ore.	30
L. M. Kinney, Lander, Wyo.	30
J. Koschoreck, Chicago, Ill.	30
J. Kirscher, New York City	2000
C. Lockhart, Dodge, La.	30
J. Lippert, St. Louis, Mo.	30
M. L. Lamereau, Presque Isle, Me.	30
Viola Lee, Idaho Falls, Ida.	30
P. Q. Leebetter, Moline, Ill.	30
J. W. Martin, Fairmont, W. Va.	30
G. McDonald, Minneapolis, Minn.	30
W. Norton, Fall River, Mass.	30
Mary Ochwat, Chicago, Ill.	30
G. Osborn, Independence, Kan.	30
Floreice Olscamp, Sudbury, Ont.	30
J. P. Oppenheim, New York City	40
L. W. Prairie, Glens Falls, N. Y.	30
Thelma Porter, Seattle, Wash.	30
Elizabeth Poulsen, Springfield, Ill.	30
L. Parker, Kissimmee, Fla.	30
Mrs. J. S. Renco, St. Louis, Mo.	30
A. Rioxx, Toronto, Ont.	30
C. Reichman, New York City	6000
L. H. Reynolds, Chasko, Tenn.	30
R. Rose, Galveston, Tex.	30
L. Rumtakis, Portland, Ore.	2000
F. Salopek, Brewster, Ohio	30
Wilma Savacoal, Newton, N. J.	30
A. Sargent, St. Paul, Minn.	30
A. M. Schade, Jamaica, N. Y.	30
Mary Schulman, Baltimore, Md.	30
Fannie Sica, N. Y.	30
H. C. Schumard, Dodge City, Kan.	30
B. Siegel, New York City	30
M. Simmons, Toronto, Ont.	30
R. H. Smith, Ft. Worth, Tex.	30
Eleanor A. Small, Washington, D. C.	30
T. R. Smith, Clarksburg, W. Va.	30
Marjorie Small, Washington, D. C.	30
Kathleen Tague, Detroit, Mich.	30
Ethel Vrooman, Stamford, N. Y.	30
M. Vose, Jonesboro, Ark.	30
R. Vernon, Atlanta, Ga.	30
Margaret Vess, Hinton, W. Va.	30
Eunice White, Annapolis, Md.	30
Alicia Ware, Dallas, S. Dak.	30

lot. She seen me yesterday. I winked, but she wuzn't lookin'—only I guess she must've seen me. She come in de office to see my Boss and talked to him a lot. I ducked out to see if de postman had come. He ain't been bringin' our mail regular yet, so I thought it'd be a good time to git away. De Boss never said nothin', so I s'pose she didn't ask fer me. Hope I kin git in de movies some time and have one like her fer me queen.

But I got to talk about movin'. Gee it wuz funny! None o us knew nothin' 'bout it till one day last week de Boss says to me: "Eustace, we move up town tomorrow." Just like dat. And I was supposed to know what dat meant. But I didn't. And when I starts fer de door at closin' time—I don't mean closin' time fer de office—they ain't no sich thing—but my closin' time. I just beats it fer home—de Boss up and yells: "Hey! Where you goin'?"

"Home," I says. An' de Boss kinda like honey drippin' from off'n his chin, says real slow like:

"Ch! Is dat so? Thought I tole you we wuz movin' tomorrow."

"Yess'r," I says, den he says:

"Wot you t'ink I tole you fer?"

"To let me know de new address fer me to go to in de mornin'." Dat seemed to make a hit wid him, I thought. You had orter heard him roar. Boy! did he roar! Could a heard him up to de Bronx. Only it weren't the kinda roar I thought it wuz. I thought he wuz laffin'—but it wuzn't dat a tall. Naw! He wuz mad. He got so red in de face—couldn't help thinkin' how much like a beet he looked. He used up every woid in de dicshunary, and woids wot ain't in de dicshunary. Did I spect to see dat office furniture pack itself up and walk up Broadway by its lonesome? Was all dem files wid all dem names an' cards goin' to march out two by two, like de animals in de ark—and set their selves up in de new quarters widout no help? Who wuz goin' to pack up all de office stationery—all de letters and correspondence—so's it wouldn't get all mixed up and c nfused like? And I says, meek like: "Didja want me to do it?"

And he howls: "Yes, you and all us here."

All I had to say wuz: "Oh."

And I takes off me coat and cap. Well, den de fun begins. De Boss put me to woik on de files and says: "Now, Eustace, you empty dem files and git 'em ready fer de movin' men. I starts pullin' out de drawers. I dumped four of 'em on de floor in de corner until de papers wuz up to my knees when de Boss happens to come by and looks my way.

You see wot made him so mad wuz because all dat big Subscription Race correspondence stuff wuz in dat file and dey hadda get it all straight agin. Dere was de names of people wot had got some votes for dem six autos an' ninety-four phonographs we're givin' away. I mean dey'd sent in some subscriptions.

Big Idea de movers comes 'long pretty quick. De stuff kept comin' in. Dey jest put it down any ole place. We had to shift it all 'roun' a million times afore de Boss wuz suited. Why didn't he figger out afore where he wanted dem desks put. Some time dere wuz too much light on a desk from de sun and we hadder move it, and den dere wuz too much shadder and we hadda move it agin.

Course, after we gits settled, dere wuz lots to do, and we hadda stay overtime, and de Boss sent me out to git me supper. But I'll tell you 'bout dat another day. Ain't goin' to put it all in one story 'cause I won't have nuthin' to write about if de Boss comes along agin and says to write another story fer PANTOMIME. And can he be sweet when he wants me to do dat? His woids is so sweet dey perfumes de air. 'Member I'll tell about my supper next time.

Pantomime's Scenario Club

Conducted by Florence McIntyre



PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club is at your service. It is under the direction of Florence McIntyre, scenario specialist, recently of the Thomas H. Ince Studios. Miss McIntyre and a staff of trained critics have been engaged to assist through honest correction, criticism and suggestion all those ambitious to write screen stories. A year's subscription to PANTOMIME entitles you to all Club privileges, and \$1 must accompany each story submitted for constructive criticism. Only Club members are entitled to this remarkable service. Be sure to enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope when you send in your story. Address all communications to PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club, 1600 Broadway, New York.

How I Made Good - - By Agnes Christine Johnston

WHEN they ask me the name of my "home town" I always say, "Heaven—though I'm not sure of that." Because in all my life I've never stayed in one place for more than a year at a time. Sometimes I've been rich, sometimes I've been most awfully poor, and it was the poor times that helped me most.

At seventeen I found myself leaving a fashionable finishing school, with a mother and a young sister still in pigtails, dependent on me, and only a few dollars between us and the "wolf." Now I had planned to be a poet, but even at that age I realized that it took time to acquire an income writing verse. Besides, I had a large appetite and our suddenly reduced circumstances found all three of us living in one hall bedroom, with rice and tea cooked over a gas-jet for our main menu. And, by the way, that rice-tea-hall-room episode inspired me to more plots! It's been worth thousands of dollars to me.

I decided to become a newspaper editor and sallied forth in the best clothes of all the family. I didn't have any trouble seeing the editors. They were all lovely to me, but they didn't give me a job. And soon we were drinking our tea—weaker!

Then came a flash of inspiration—the movies. They weren't so highly thought of in those days. At school, the year before, it had been considered quite devilish to go to them. And I had been devilish. But my idea of a movie plot was that it must be about a fight or murder. I must concoct an original murder story. What? Ah—that was easy—"Tried for His Own Murder" was turned out in two days (including the nights) and sold almost immediately at Vitagraph for Maurice Costello, at the elaborate sum of forty dollars.

We moved into two rooms and began to eat at Childs'. I went down to Vitagraph and demanded a job. They had bought

"Tried for His Own Murder" without seeing me. Now they looked up and down—at my school-girl shoes and short skirts—at my hair that was trying so hard to be "up," and they said they "didn't need a writer." My heart sank. Then rose. They needed a typist. Could I type? "Certainly," I said, and accepted the position at ten dollars a week, not thinking it necessary to inform them that I was self-taught and of the "hunt and peck" school of stenography.

I worked there for six months, very, very hard—because I had to keep up with the "touch system" girls in the office. I copied reel after reel of scripts and asked innumerable questions. Everyone was wonderful about helping me. Mrs. Sidney Drew used to come in and dictate to me and talk over the scripts for the Sidney Drew comedies with me. Later on I wrote one. Frank Dazey was a writer there at that time and he used to dictate too and also answer questions. He used to say I was a "bright kid." No, our romance didn't begin there. We were both too busy learning the fascinating game of scenario writing. He had just come out of Harvard and climbed to the staff by way of the "extra lot."

Ten dollars a week isn't much for three people to live on. I could afford just five cents for lunch. That meant a plate of soup, which I ate when I would have preferred a charlotte russe at the same price. But Sarah Bernhardt's motto that "Vitality is the secret of Success" was always my motto too. Soup meant more vitality.

Finally Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, who was president of Vitagraph then, allowed me to try out for staff. I made good and got twenty-five dollars a week and an office of my own. Charlotte russe and soup for lunch now! I wrote about two reels a week—for Lillian Walker, Anita Stewart, Constance Talmadge, Leah Baird, and many others.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Thanhouser sent for me. They wanted to make a new star. I persuaded them to let me try out a new idea in picture plots. Hitherto all film stories had been either broad comedy or blood and thunder melodrama. I wrote "The Shine Girl" for Gladys Hulette—the tale of a little bootblack who shined people's shoes and also their souls. Very

moral, but I trimmed it up with lots of comedy and a quality of "girlishness" that was new to pictures. It made a huge hit. I got innumerable offers from other companies and my salary was raised from sixty to two hundred a week.

Then followed a dozen or more original features, some of which, especially the girlish comedy-drama ones, were awfully lucky in scoring at the box office. After that I took a year off and went to Professor Baker's Workshop up at Harvard. It was wonderful training in playwriting and producing. I realized more than ever how much I *didn't* know.

After that came the chance to go to California with Mary Pickford and do the script for "Daddy Long Legs." She asked me to go at nine o'clock one evening and the train left at noon the next day. There was a scramble to get ready, but I made that train.

"Daddy Long Legs" wasn't an easy job, either. Mary had been an orphan so much it was hard to find new atmosphere for her. She had been a good orphan and a mischievous orphan, a sad orphan and a happy orphan. At last I hit it—she was a rebel orphan and later—a drunken one! She stirred up a prune strike at the orphanage and was made to go hungry unless she ate the hated fruit. She and her playmate (played by Wesley Barry), torn by a desire for food, found a bottle of hard cider and drank it. They did the most wonderful inebriate scene in the world—roaringly funny but without a hint of vulgarity.

Mr. Ince gave me a chance after that. I had an idea for a stuttering character for Charles Ray and wrote it up as "Alarm Clock Andy." I did the stories and continuities for many other Ray stories, then the adaptation of "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave." That was to start out the new stars, Douglas MacLean and Doris

May. I was always lucky at starting stars or starting new companies. (Mary was starting her own company when we did "Daddy Long Legs.")

An interesting thing about "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave" is the way it demonstrates one of my favorite axioms—that when you adapt a story you must "translate" it into screen action, just as you "translate" a novel into dialogue when making it into a stage play. Mrs. Rinchart's story was the most perfect screen material I've ever had. If there was a part of it that wasn't action, there was always something to suggest action.

I did other scripts for Mr. Ince, starring Enid Bennett, Louise Glaum, Frederick Warde, Bessie Love and many others.

Then came the most important event—I got engaged and then married to Frank Dazey of Vitagraph days. He had written "Manhattan Madness" for Douglas Fairbanks, many Sidney Drew comedies and other things for the screen that made him quite famous. Of course he had to go tearing off to two wars, for a year each, but even with those interruptions he managed to carve out a career.

Then came the baby. She's the sweetest, darlingest, cutest—etc., etc., and she has, at the present writing, two whole teeth. We are afraid she is going to be a writer, because she just loves to chew paper and paw the typewriters. Not that we mind her writing, only we have had so many literary people in the family. Frank's father is a playwright and my little sister (she of the pigtails), after writing all through Vassar, came out and did "Peaceful Valley" for Charles Ray and lots of other successful screen stories. It's dreadful when we all get together and discuss "Your story," "My story," "His story" or "Our story." I suppose it is a case of "what's bred in de bone" and our "perfect" baby will be writing two-reelers ere long.

Was there ever a braver struggle for success? But it was worth every bit of the effort, because aside from the extreme joy Miss Johnston experiences in writing stories for the screen, she is among the highest paid authors of the present day.



Agnes Christine Johnston, screen writer, responsible for many a star's popularity.

Outside The Studio



No, Gaston Glass hasn't violated any of the traffic laws. He wouldn't do such a thing. He merely noticed the misfit of the policeman's coat and stopped to give him the address of a good tailor. Quite a nice boy, Gaston, even if the cop doesn't look any too well pleased.

Even knee-length skirts are too hindering for Anita Stewart when she starts on a holiday, and garbed the way she is here, she really enjoys a mountain hike. She and the mules are usually the first to arrive at any destination. And then some people say you never can learn to understand mules.

Connie Talmadge had lamented the fact that she had always done nice, polite comedy and someone dared her to do some tough stuff. Connie did, and afterward denied vehemently that it was the black cigar that made her ill. She blamed it on the swaying necessary to properly do the dance steps she had tried.



It was a temptation to say that here is May McAvoy starting something that Richard Tucker probably would have to finish, but the truth of the matter is that this is an off day for May, caused by the non-arrival of some costumes, and when the director said, "Hang the clothes," she took the remark literally.



Richard Tucker was rather run down and his doctor advised some heavy exercise for an hour each day. Women he consulted agreed that the weekly wash was heavy work, so here is the result. Note the cute little time-piece Richard wears so that he doesn't over exercise.

Around the Lot with T. Roy Barnes

By Charles L. Gartner



He's so merry he can smile even when he's pretending he's paying out money.



"I was frightened because I thought I saw Mack Sennett," said the comedian, "and I didn't want money as a bathing beauty."

"WELL, first of all," said T. Roy Barnes to me, "I shave. Yes—that yellow stuff is lather—movie lather. It's yellow because yellow photographs white better than white does. I shave in front of the camera, and, since it takes a little time to shoot the shaving scenes, the lather is mixed with some stuff like glue so that it will last quite a while."

I met T. Roy out on the Lasky lot, when he was playing the closing scenes in the special Paramount comedy, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" You'd think people would call him "Roy"; but they don't. They don't call him "Mr. Barnes," either; that's too formal for a jolly, informal fellow like T. R. B. No; they call him "Tom," which is what "T" stands for. He has been in pictures quite a while now, having slipped over from the musical comedy stage, where he used to be a comedian. Maybe you remember him from "Katinka." And certainly you recall his skillful work in the films with Helene Chadwick in "Scratch My Back." Tom likes to talk; he talks fast and entertainingly.

I spotted Theodore Roberts on the set. "Is Mr. Roberts in the cast of this picture?" I asked. I always make a mental note to see all pictures in which the veteran Theodore performs. "Indeed, yes. He's been ill, poor chap. We're all happy to see him about again—a grand old actor."

"They tell me you've had a lot of experience?" "In pictures—not such a lot; on the stage, yes. Light opera, largely. 'Katinka' two years, for instance."

"Also, I'm informed you are an adept at magic."

"White magic entirely. I assure you. I make things disappear and return as mysteriously. I am what is commonly known as a 'wiz'. But don't tell anyone."

"Why?"

"Because they might suspect me."

"Suspect you of what?"

"Anything. Suppose, for example, the large glass stage there were to vanish some fine day—I might be blamed, or that prop cannon over there. I do not wish to be unjustly accused—"

"Show me something," I demanded.

"Have you a half dollar?"

"Yes—do I get it back?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"Whether I am successful." He took the half and it vanished in thin air before my eyes.

"The trick was not successful," he said.

"I thought it very successful."

"Not so. To make a coin vanish it must be rendered exceedingly volatile and sometimes it actually disappears as a result of the component atoms which constitute its solidity, becoming dissolved and merging with other atoms in the circumambient atmosphere. It is a highly dangerous experiment. I tried it once with a dog and all I had left was his tail, which having been bobbed, was of small use. Then I wanted to attempt it with a human being and was compelled to desist."

"That's too bad—but about my half—?"

"It is there—in the cuff of your trousers. You see, you have attracted the coin to you and it is restored. You must be a miser or a financier."

"I'm neither—but thanks all the same. That was very clever."

"Don't mention it, old chap. Say, I haven't a thing to do for a minute. Let's walk around."

So we did. We wandered first upon a set where Betty Compson was making a scene for "The Green Temptation." Miss Compson wasn't busy for the moment, and T. Roy introduced us. He exchanged a bit of kidding with the star. My, how I envied him his "line."

Then we wandered on to a little office with Dutch doors. Lou Goodstadt, casting director at the Lasky studio, had opened the upper half of one of the doors so as to inspect some film in the sun—probably seeing whether any of the extras he had hired that day were star material.



He says clothes make the man. This is his dress-collar expression

Mr. Barnes blithely took the film away from him and had a look for himself.

After that we visited the Gloria Swanson set, where the carpenters were at work constructing an interior for "Beyond the Rocks." Gloria herself had just arrived for the day's work.

"A delectable California morning," my companion sang out to her. "Just like the ones described in the railway circulars. Miss Swanson, meet my gentle, interviewing friend from PANTOMIME."

So I met Glorious Gloria. And at that moment the assistant to Director James Cruze caught up with the adventuring Mr. Barnes.

"I've been chasing you all over," he said to T. Roy. "Come on back to the set. We're ready to shoot."

"You big, cruel man," complained T. R. "However—business before pleasure." He shook hands with me. "Pardon me, my dear sir, for my unseemly departure, but my toil awaits without—without me."

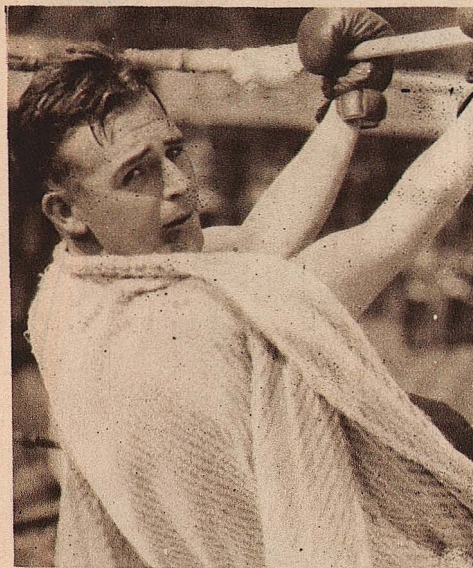
He grinned and disappeared in the direction of the set, while I ruminated how nice it would be if all actors as good as T. Roy Barnes had the aforesaid T. Roy's pep, droll manner, and affability.



"Ere, 'ere," says Lila Lee, and Barnes acts as if he can't hear anything.

"We Strive to Please"

By Eugene Clifford



After stopping a swift one, Wally heard this: "Fall through the ropes, face camera, look courageous and pleasant."

DO you remember the printed slogan that used to be on view in most of the small-town shop windows: "We Strive to Please"?

It is a matter for conjecture as to how much the public believed this assertion—its frequent use had rather dulled its point and probably many a shopkeeper who made use of it figured that if he could please himself he had done his full duty by others.

"We strive to please!"

The motion picture fraternity regard this as almost the rule of existence. If the producer, the exhibitor, the actor, cannot please Mr. and Mrs. Public, he hasn't much chance of surviving. And this same Public is becoming so super-critical that to please it is a greater task than the layman could ever dream of.

So the star, especially, works hard and strives to please by giving the best that is in him, by making the most of his role. It is not entirely selfish, either. The player gets a great deal of pleasure out of merely knowing that he has pleased his public—that is natural. And he knows that if he does succeed, he has established

himself in their hearts. It cannot be possible that he is unmoved by this realization. When a star makes a public appearance and is given an ovation there are times when he is overcome by emotion—it's a great thing to be loved of a nation, and it isn't at all likely that the Mary Pickfords and Charlie Chaplins, the Wallace Reids, Gloria Swansons and Thomas Meighans of the picture world are insensible or unappreciative. For they are all emotionalists, they feel poignantly and deeply.

What do they do, then, to gain this appreciation of the audiences? Being a star isn't all "beer and skittles." It is hard work almost all the time.

Let us consider a few examples: Take Gloria Swanson, the Paramount star, in "Her Husband's Trademark," directed by Sam Wood. Among other things, she had to jump into the Rio Grande on horseback and remain in the muddy stream for a good many minutes. On another occasion, she plunged into the Waco tanks, as they're called, and stayed there for an hour or more while scenes were taken. They had to lower her down glassy rock canyon walls by a rope sling and pull her up in the same way. She worked early and late, rode horseback over the wildest parts of Texas and Mexico, worked in the blazing sun at a barbecue scene in the Hollywood hills, worked nights and days for five weeks or more—and all to make good and please the public. Make good in the role, that is, for already she has more than made good as a star.

Consider Dorothy Dalton, featured in George Melford's Paramount production, "Moran of the Lady Letty." Miss Dalton had to:

Fight with chinamen and ruffianly sailors armed with knives. Wear men's clothes and go to sea every day for weeks, though it made her deathly sick. Be rescued from a burning vessel. Fight single-handed with the man who finally wins her love.

Did she complain? Not a bit of it. "The seasickness was a little hard," she admitted, "but it was all in the day's work."

Wallace Reid donned fighting togs and boxed a former professional—Kid McCoy—for the "middleweight championship". Of course the fight was "framed," but it was hard work just the same. Wally has driven motor cars and achieved fake accidents that would frighten the average motorist half to death, without "batting an eyelash". His new picture, "The Champion," was the one in which he boxed—Philip E. Rosen directed. The star had to train for his scrap and intensively at that.

Thomas Meighan fought with a former pugilist also in "If You Believe It, It's So," a new Paramount picture, directed by Tom Forman, but not in a ring combat. "Easy," you say? You should have seen it. Tom went through that scene in rehearsal half a dozen times before it was taken—also several times. He was winded by the time it was finished, bruised and scratched.

Agnes Ayres in "The Sheik" was obliged to be dragged over the desert, fought with four negro girls, sustaining numerous bruises in the process, and had a wild time. Rudolph Valentino, co-featured in the same picture with Miss Ayres, had plenty of hard riding to do and did it under hard conditions and in a blazing sun.

They experience all sorts of rough usage, work with animals that are far from tame—as when Conrad Nagel, in Cecil B. De Mille's "Fool's Paradise," spent several interesting hours in a pit with eleven crocodiles which he had to fight off as they rushed him—and generally experience things that the average citizen would never dream of undertaking.

"They're paid for it," comments the layman, and lets it go at that.

"Sure, they are paid for it. But they amuse you, entertain you, don't they?" answers the champion of the actor.

And the layman has to agree.

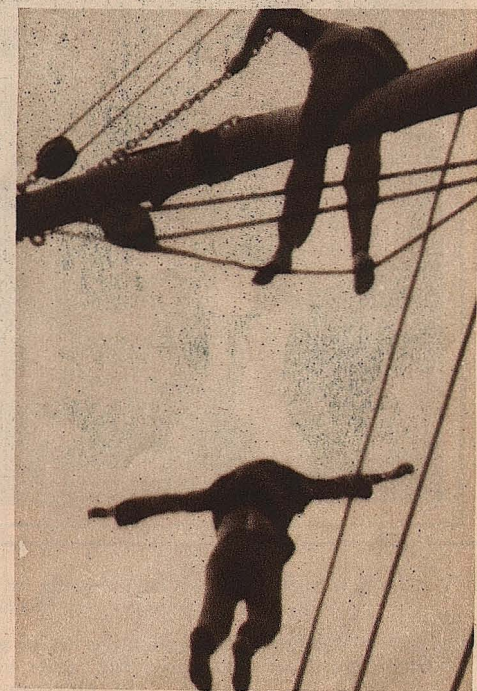
Pictures do not have to be thrillers to contain difficult feats. Every story must have a certain thrill—if only a simple thing. Maybe the thrill



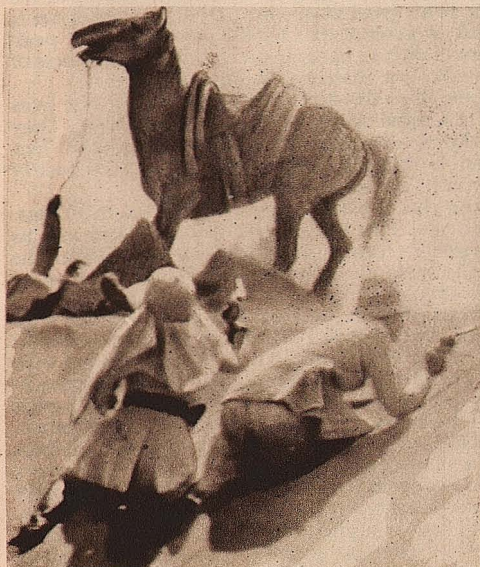
Dorothy Dalton threw up everything for the sake of art because of disagreement with life on the bounding main. Threw it up literally!

is one that touches the emotions. Perhaps it is just dramatic acting—have you seen a star who has just gone through some highly emotional scene, immediately after it was made? Have you seen her almost drag herself off the set and fall limply into a chair, tears streaming from her eyes—and not glycerine tears, either? They feel these things, they must do so, feel them deeply. Try working yourself up to an emotional pitch by thinking of all the sad things in your experience. This could become almost mortal if prolonged. Try it—and you will get an idea of what the star has to do not infrequently.

No unnecessary risks are taken, but there is never the slightest hesitation about undertaking them if called upon. In fact, not infrequently the director has to restrain the stars and others from hazardous feats that are not essential. They become so immersed in their work that they forget even ordinary precautions oftentimes.



Falling is the easiest thing in the world to do, yet there are few actors who like a role which calls for action like this.



When you were enjoying "The Sheik," did you think Agnes Ayres was having an easy time doing this in hot sands?

Fazzing the Masterpieces

By Helen Broderick

*"It is the glory and good of Art
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth,——"*

BUT Browning didn't have to squirm under the censor's mandate and even if they had had movies in his time he might not have considered them an art, anyway.

Which brings us back, or brings us forward, to the subject of the photoplay once more. Be it an art or not—it is still a promising infant—there is one new venture in pictures that is based on an accepted and world-old art—this is painting; and these new photodramas are constructed about the works of the masters—ancient and contemporary.

This splendid idea has been attempted by Triart Productions in working out on the screen the approximate themes of some of the masterpieces now hanging in the galleries, each conjuring up to the one who gazes upon it some story or vision or fancy quite his own.

And this is what Triart Productions has added to the year's achievements in the march across the celluloid. With what is historically known of the artist and his works as a background, they are conjuring up delightful



Mary Astor getting fitted to a beggar's costume for a picture—also getting a little instruction from Blache.

stories to be told in beautiful photography on the screen. Their first choice was "The Beggar Maid" of Burne-Jones, taken, in turn, from the poem of the same name by Tennyson. The photoplay, with sixteen-year-old Mary Astor in the role of the maid, played for two weeks to enthusiastic audiences on Broadway. The poem itself was used in the titles with a most happy result.

"The Bashful Suitor," from the painting by Israels, has a comic note and



Herbert Blache, whose appreciation of art has made him transfer the idyls of old masters to the screens.

is a delightful little story set in a small Dutch village of lace makers. Pierre Gendron and Mary Brandon play the leading roles. The quaint atmosphere of this photodrama, the Dutch costumes and customs and the story itself have a fresh charm for the jaded movie-goer, tired of the usual fare.

The third picture of this series, soon to be released, is "The Young Painter," taken from that glorious and winsome painting by Rembrandt. Here the high note of tragic drama is struck. The "young painter," suggested by the original, is an American boy, made frail by the war, who is endeavoring to recuperate his health in a cabin on Long Island. All his time he spends in the pursuit of his great ideal—art. And his ideal of Art is chiefly in terms of Rembrandt, who represents for the boy the highest peak of artistic expression. The chief picture hanging on his walls is a likeness of his idol—Rembrandt. He knows the master's life almost by heart.

By happy chance there comes into this boy's life a lovely girl. She lives with her mother in a beautiful home on the other side of the bay. They become friends, answering the never-failing call of youth to youth. But Helen Seymour, so beautifully played by Mary Astor, has been tacitly engaged to marry another youth, attractive, too.

This youth and Roland, the young painter, had been friends in France, it is disclosed on their meeting. This makes a trying situation, and as Roland's love becomes stronger he realizes what little he has to offer the girl—only an unpromising career as an artist, ill health and little or no money. So he decides to go away.

It is then that the maiden realizes her love for him and confesses it to her fiancé who leaves no stone unturned to find the artist. He is finally located in shabby rooms in Greenwich Village, shattered in health and with but a short while to live. The girl reaches him a little before his death. And here the screen justifies itself as an art unlike any other, for the spirit of the youth leaves the body to follow the beckoning hand of Rembrandt.

The man chiefly responsible for the beauty of these pictures is Herbert Blache, the director, whose wide experience in motion pictures from every angle, and whose native good taste and judgment render him really capable of handling subjects of such delicate texture and such artistic significance. No false notes are struck. There is nothing historically inaccurate here. There is nothing theatrical. They are clear and simple stories with original plots carried out with rare discrimination, aimed to bring home to the public the beauties of art and the inspiration it instills in those who understand and love it.

The designing of the sets is under the direction of Lejaren à Hiller, a well-known New York artist and illustrator, who brings to the screen new and imaginative lighting effects.

Frilly Fluffs

On Agnes Ayres



A Hardy model of blue tricotine, with antique gold embroidery forming front panels. Girdle, sash, and unusual draped sleeves of Ciré satin, silver fox fur, and hat of henna metalline ribbon.



Wonder whom Agnes is expecting? Whoever he is, Mr. Man is sure going to be dazzled by this lettuce-green Roshanara crepe dress, designed by Ethel Chaffin, the Paramount wizard. The frock is hand-hemstitched, and has pearl buttons as trimmings.



Methinks this mahogany colored organdie, hand embroidered, and outlined in mercerized pleatings, calls for a garden gate — and a man.



Agnes, as you may or may not know, is the blonde, medium-sized, girlish type. She's demure — but there's always a wee touch of little joy devils in her blue eyes. She's usually smiling, and she's first and primarily a fluffy-ruffle girl. And she looks especially good in this cape of white grained satin and lace. It cost almost a whole week's check — Agnes Ayres' size, we mean — not ours.

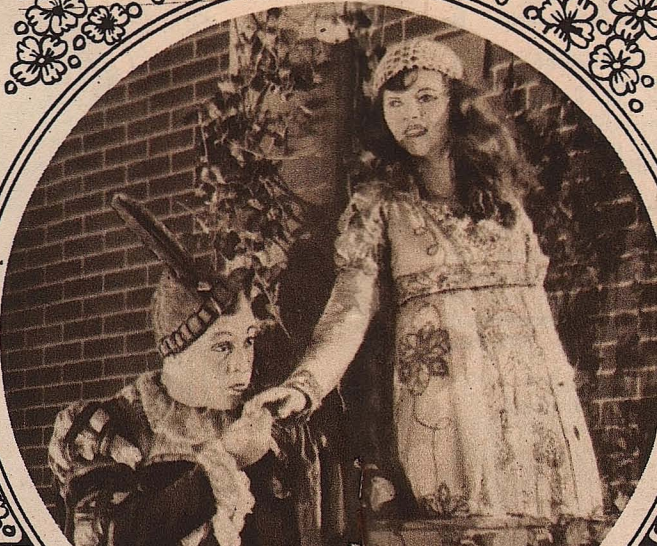
Here's fluffy girlhood, sure enough! Dreams of confidences and chiffon! This very newest of evening gowns is of rose-pink chiffon, ornamented with a Delphi blue ribbon sash. Agnes wears gray silk stockings, and gray vici kid slippers with it. It's the kind of a gown that suggests cozy corners, whispered nothings and that sort of thing.



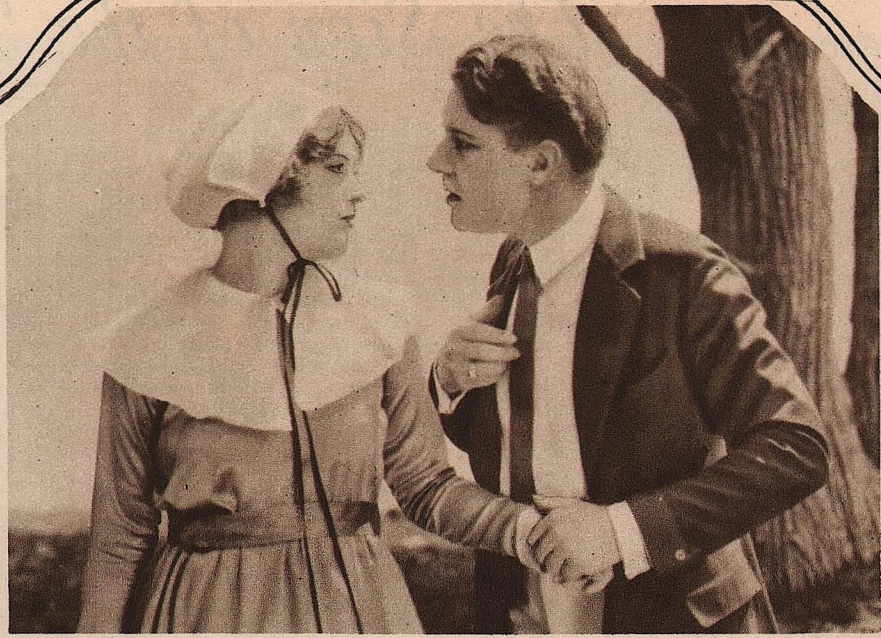
Big Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen



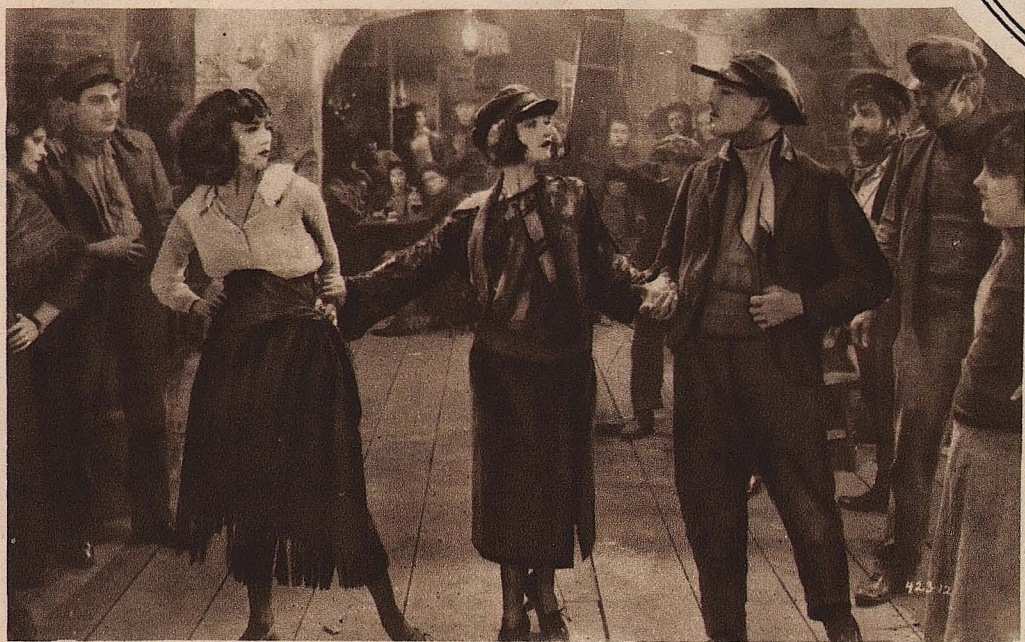
If this were pre-Volstead we might suspect that Mother was pleading with her son not to spend all his money on that gang on the corner, but on reading the story of "Give Me My Son," we find that Pauline Brunius in this scene is facing a greater grief of motherhood—she has caught her son stealing money.



This is the biggest moment in "Beauty's Worth" for both the characters played by Marion Davies and Forrest Stanley, but the whole trouble is that Marion is not as sure of it as Forrest. Without betraying any secrets, however, we can venture a guess that she appreciates the fact and lets him know before Sophie Kerr's story is finished.



Betty Compson can always be counted upon to do something spectacular in almost any picture in which she appears. In this one she takes the part of the third side of the triangle in an Apache dance in her latest production, "The Green Temptation," and there is some tall stepping due from somebody.

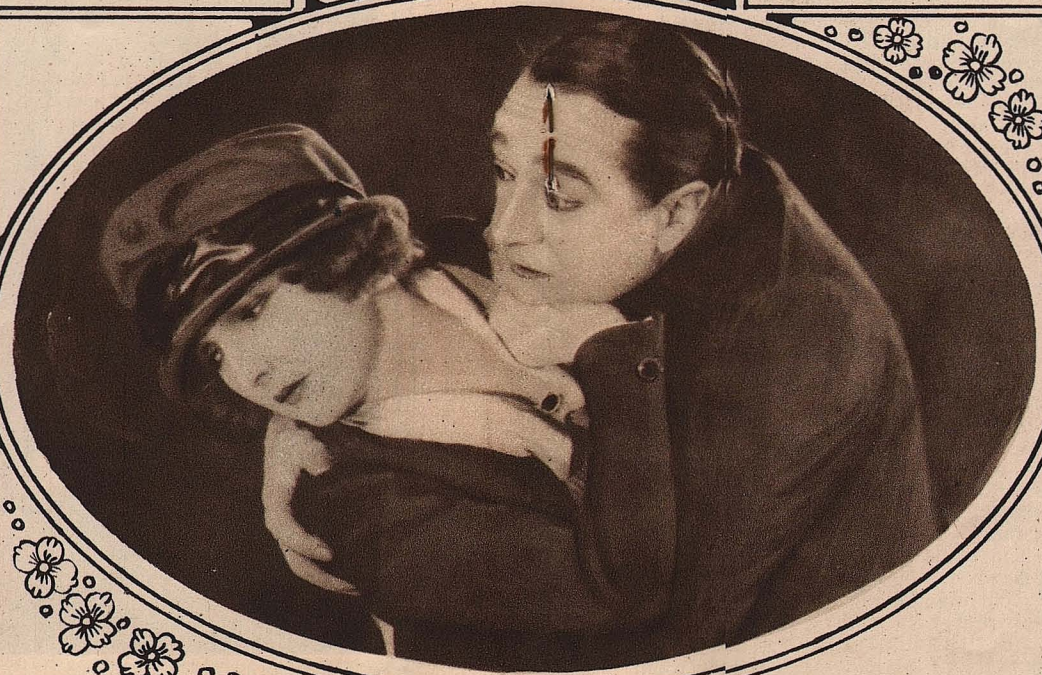
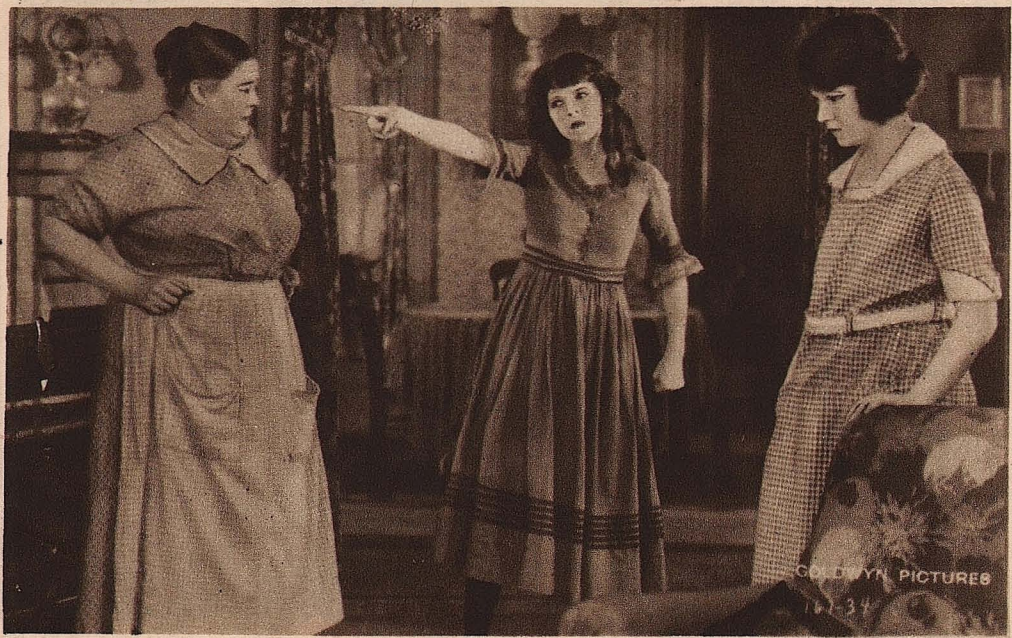


No, this isn't a new dance step, nor even a cheater's good-night. It is Craufurd Kent very determinedly trying to steal a kiss from Mabel Ballin, and Mabel just as determined that he isn't going to get it. It all takes place in Hugo Ballin's latest production, "Luxury Tax."



Gloria Swanson's eyes opposed to the guns of real Mexican bandits, with a man's life at stake in "Her Husband's Trademark." It's a pretty tough situation and one that might swing either way, but in the words of the good old presiding elder we guess that "the ayes have it."

It would seem that Colleen Moore should have discretion enough to pick on somebody nearer her size than Kate Price. But then screen heroines can dare to do such things because they can know in advance that everything will come out right, so Colleen goes through this dramatic scene from "Darlin'" without being a bit "scairt."



Gaston Glass completes the writing of his life's story in "The Song of Life" and, looking for an audience to try it on, he selects the old abandoned woman he has rescued from a suicide's grave and made his housekeeper. Georgia Woodthorpe, as the woman, learns from the story that he is her son whom she had deserted when he was an infant.

The Sign of the Trident

CHAPTER I

MADAME PIPER, the palmist, who had become the whim of San Francisco society, gave a gasp of surprise as she bent over the hand of a young woman who sat opposite her. Only a single light threw its ray downward upon the two as they sat in the bizarre studio. The palmist searched the face of the girl and again bent over her palm as if to assure herself that her eyes did not deceive her.

"One moment, please," she said to the girl, and rising to her feet she disappeared between the black velvet curtains at one end of the huge room.

Curiosity had prompted Ruth Randolph to visit the celebrated interpreter of destiny. All her friends in the art school had spoken of the woman, and although Ruth had laughed at them and chided them, her curiosity got the better of her, and she, too, decided to visit the seeress.

Ruth Randolph was a typical modern American girl. Her beauty and wit had made her one of the most popular young women in the art school, and her skill as a clay modeller had earned her an enviable reputation in San Francisco art circles. Ruth's preference in her modeling was for Indian subjects, a preference perhaps not accidental, as she had vague memories of childhood days—days when she and her father had been wanderers on the plains and among the canyons.

In the adjoining room Madame Piper had pulled a small envelope from a drawer in her desk and was reading the contents.

Dear Madame:

If you find tattoo mark trident like this (a design was sketched here)—on the left palm of a woman, ask her to return in two days and then telegraph us. You will receive \$1,000 reward.

P. O. Box No. 17
San Mario, Cal.

Madame Piper re-read the note carefully and then placed it back in the desk. She was not averse to intrigue, such as this appeared to be. Indeed, this was not the first time that something of this sort had come to her attention. Closing the desk, she drew the curtains aside and in another moment had taken her seat opposite Ruth. Taking the girl's hand in hers she bent over it carefully and studied it.

"Beware the trident, it is an ill omen," she finally said, indicating a small figure resembling a three-pronged spear.

"I never knew the meaning of it," the girl smiled.

"It's a tattoo. Return Thursday evening and I'll try to tell you more about it," came the slow answer, "and please leave your name with Abdul," she added, indicating the tall Hindu who was stationed in the reception room.

On Thursday evening at about eight o'clock there was a ring at the door of Madame Piper's. Abdul answered and admitted a slinking figure who desired to see the seeress. In a moment he was ushered before her.

"I have come," he grinned. "The trident!"

Madame Piper gazed at the man who stood before her. Under the one light she could see his

sharp features to advantage. He was dressed in dark clothes. A felt hat was on his head, covering his coarse black hair which hung almost to his shoulders. The high cheek bones told her that he was an Indian. Silently she motioned for him to step into the room back of the studio. Had an intruder stepped in, he would have seen a considerable sum of money change hands, and directly afterwards he would have seen Crouching Mole, for that was the name of the visitor, about to assume the role of a Hindu.

A ring at the bell caused the two conspirators to start. Abdul entered and announced Miss Randolph. In another moment she was brought before Madame Piper and "Professor Tagor, a Hindu palmist." It was the "professor's" intentions to satisfy himself as to the trident.



Madame Piper discovers the sign on Betty's hand that marks her the sought woman.

He nodded to the seeress and left the room hurriedly.

"I am sorry," Madame Piper apologized to Ruth, "but the professor has failed. I fear we can tell you nothing about the trident."

Ruth laughingly told the older woman that it did not matter—she had only been desirous of satisfying her curiosity. Abdul swung open the larger outer door for the girl and she started down the stone steps toward her automobile. After directing the chauffeur to take her home, she opened the rear door and stepped inside. The car suddenly jerked and started swiftly down the street, throwing her into the back seat where she found herself in the vise-like grip of two men whose features she could not distinguish.

It happened that a young rancher from San Mario, Phil Stanton by name, was just about leaving the Hotel Caledonia in search of adventure. As he reached the corner he heard a woman scream, then a motor car shot by him, almost knocking him from the curb. Phil dashed across the square, hoping to cut off the distance between himself and the machine. After a short sprint he leaped for the running board and in another moment crashed through the glass of the door. One of the girl's assailants leaped from the car, but the other one bounded out from the impact of young Stanton's fist. The chauffeur also leaped from the car, and Phil swung himself to the front seat, stopping it as it was about to climb the curb.

"To whom do I owe this wonderful rescue?" asked the girl.

"I'm Philip Stanton—from San Mario," he grinned.

"Again let me thank you," smiled the girl.

"I—I hope we may meet again," Phil stammered, but the girl and the car whisked away before he could bring emphasis to his thoughts.

The next day, as Ruth was putting the finishing touches on an Indian subject, the bell rang. She threw open the door.

"You!" exclaimed a cheery voice, and the surprised girl found herself looking into the eyes of her rescuer of the night before. "I presume I am addressing Miss Ruth Randolph," the young man continued, after the girl had led him into the studio. Ruth nodded. After a few moments of conversation, he handed her the following telegram:

Phil Stanton,
Hotel Caledonia,
San Francisco, Cal.

See Ruth Randolph.
Offer her \$1,000 to
make statuettes of
canyon Indians. She
is to be our guest.

Jim Loomis.

"Jim Loomis is my partner," Stanton explained. "What he says goes for me." The girl studied the face of the young man before her. What she saw seemed to satisfy her, for she gave him her hand, consenting to undertake the new commission.

The two young people left the station at San Mario and proceeded to the Loomis ranch on horses which Loomis had supplied. As they laughed and chatted gayly, a clattering of hoof-beats behind them caused them to turn in their saddles. Ruth gasped with surprise. A horseman, clothed all in white, riding a white horse, was bearing down upon them. A white head-dress hiding his

features, and leaving only his eyes uncovered, streamed behind him. He dashed up to the girl, thrust a note into her hand, and disappeared.

"Beware the trident," Ruth read. Both were puzzled over the note. They decided, however, to say nothing to anyone about the incident, and retraced their way back to the road leading to the Loomis ranch.

When they arrived at the porch of the ranch house, Phil introduced Ruth to Julia Wells and Jim Loomis. Jim informed her that the next day he was going to take her to Chief Gray Wolf, as he was most anxious to have this Indian immortalized in bronze. As Ruth was weary after her long trip, Miss Wells took her to her room, where she prepared to retire for the night.

About midnight the girl was awakened by a noise in her room. Raising herself on her elbow, she opened her eyes in time to see a man, clothed entirely in white, make his escape from her window. With a cry of alarm she sprang from her bed, ran to the window and looked out—but the mysterious intruder had vanished. Julia and Phil, also aroused by the disturbance, rushed into the girl's room. As the three looked out of the window, Loomis entered. Seeing a note lying on the floor, he picked it up and read:

"As you value your life and happiness, do not go to the Wigwam tomorrow."

Quietly putting the note in his pocket, he joined the others at the window, and speaking to Ruth, told her that she must have been mistaken in supposing someone had entered her room. After they had departed, Ruth, disquieted and wondering, tried in vain to sleep.

The Sign of the Trident

Adapted by Herbert Crooker,
from the Pathe photoplay
serial, "White Eagle," starring
Ruth Roland. Original story
by Val Cleveland.

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At the Wigwam, the next morning, all was bustle and excitement. Only Gray Wolf knew that an important event was to take place—his tribesmen doing his bidding and remaining in ignorance. The Wigwam was a huge structure built in the side of a cliff. It peculiarly resembled a modern apartment house—scaling ladders serving as elevators, and ventilation very apparent.

To Ruth the strange structure was a marvelous edifice of Indian architecture. Phil Stanton had been left behind, much to the girl's distress, but as white men were not allowed in the Wigwam, there was nothing either of them could do.

Brought into the presence of Gray Wolf, the girl was greeted with impressive solemnity and asked to show her left hand. Gray Wolf examined it closely and then held up his arm for silence.

"Buffaloes and Blue Hawks!" he cried. "Behold White Eagle, your chieftainess!"

Ruth was bewildered—panic-stricken—by this strange turn of events. She made a dash for the door, but the Indians blocked her way and would not permit her flight. As she struggled to free herself, a pretty Indian girl, Moonlight, approached her and whispered:

"Pretend to yield—I will help you later."

Ruth stopped struggling and listened to Gray Wolf, who told her that no harm would come to her as long as she remained there peacefully. He ordered Moonlight to take the girl to her chambers.

"What is this all about?"

"It is because you bear the sign of the trident," explained the Indian girl. "When you were four

years old, your father married the Princess Blue Wing, chieftainess of these two tribes of Canyon Indians—the Buffaloes and the Blue Hawks. Your father and Blue Wing were very happy but one day he had to go back to his people. He never returned, and Blue Wing died of a broken heart. Now, while you are in no way a blood relation of Blue Wing, Gray Wolf believes you

are the rightful ruler of the tribes. He expects you to decide which tribe, the Buffaloes or Blue Hawks, should come into possession of the Golden Pool."

As Ruth was about to question Moonlight an Indian entered.

"Gray Wolf requests Princess White Eagle to appear," he said.

Before Ruth left Moonlight she managed to whisper, "Get word to Phil Stanton, at the ranch, that I am a prisoner."

Ruth waited for some time at the door of the council chamber before she was admitted. Gray Wolf had been informing the two tribes of the real significance of the girl's presence.

"Now that our white chieftainess is found," Gray Wolf spoke, "she will soon in her wisdom decide to whom the Golden Pool belongs. Tomorrow we will make ready to return to the hidden canyon to bring to our people our long-sought chieftainess." As he spoke on, Ruth was much relieved to see Moonlight signalling her from the door.

But suddenly the noise of battle and much shouting reached the councillors in their chamber. Gray Wolf and his chieftains rushed from their places to find the source of the outburst. Ruth saw that her moment had arrived, and unseen she slipped from the room with Moonlight.

Meanwhile, Phil was climbing one of the scaling ladders to Ruth's room, but just as he got to the top, four Indians sprang on him. He managed to elude them by pushing the ladder over, and before they regained their footing was in the room with the girl. Sliding down a vine, they reached the ground in safety, and ran across the short space to the outer wall with the Indians hot after them. Phil knew that both could not escape, so he turned suddenly and faced his pursuers while Ruth reached the top of the wall and watched her champion's struggle.

Phil was outnumbered, the girl saw this. She was about to go to his aid when from the other side of the wall a figure in white on a white horse dashed madly up, swooped down on her, and, lifting her to his saddle, dashed away with her.



Ruth joyously accepts Phil Stanton's invitation to visit his ranch in the West.



Ruth completes the Indian model which she hopes will gain her fame as a sculptress.

(To be continued.)

Something Else Than Fight

By Truman B. Handy

LIFE is a paradox. One thing after another. Loose edges which don't match. Fate—all Fate. One has so little to say, it seems, regarding his own destiny. The latter is mapped out indelibly; what is to be will be. It is a fatalistic creed.

Yet, when you settle yourself to chat with Frank Mayo you find that he is first and always a fatalist. Why? He himself doesn't know; perhaps he has never tried to know. Yet, when he has unfolded to you the story of his life, his ambitions, his accomplishments—his *ideals*—you begin to see unfolded before you a peculiar canvas whose brush-strokes have run in opposites and formed paradoxical angles.

In the first place, his very becoming an actor was somewhat problematical. True, his grandfather and father were actors. Famous actors

complacence. She is ambitious to become a screen celebrity; he combats the thought.

Very old-fashioned, we shall term him, in his romantic views. Often, when the subject of Mrs. Mayo's career is broached, there is a friendly argument between husband and wife, for Frank wishes her to be content as the wife of a man who adores her. But she, with her lilting French accent, her narrowed, Oriental eyes, shrugs her shoulders and protests.

"But, Frank, have married women no rights? Must I sit at home just because I am your wife?"

Whereupon he, knowing the shoals that lie in the matrimonial sea when one travels in the theatrical channel, shakes his head sagely, and exclaims, "You must."

"What I want to do more than anything else," mused Frank, "is to have a pretty little suburban home, not too large—just large enough so as not to be stuffy. Dagmar is not domestic. I'm glad of it because a man doesn't necessarily marry a cook; he prefers a woman who is stunning enough to make every other man wish he could have married her."

"On my 'farm' I should like to have a few hens, a garden—plenty of grounds for beds of old-fashioned flowers."

"Contrary to opinion, I am not particularly athletic. At least, in spirit. Between pictures I take a trip, generally, or else rest at home. I've tried to write various times when I've been able to concentrate. Sometimes I wish I might have been a newspaperman—or a columnist of some sort."

"Nowadays, if one becomes successful in some particular line, such as acting, for instance, he finds himself enshrouded with the thought of his career. Any man, to be a success, I think, should have at least *two* careers."

He laughed to himself. "Some day I may be a successful farmer."

If there ever was a man who dislikes a rough-and-tumble fight it is Frank Mayo. We spoke of his pictures.

"What are you going to do?" he inquired, shrugging his shoulders helplessly. "We made 'The Brutebreaker'. It happened to be a success—and, because there was a climatic fight in it, the verdict at the studio seems to be 'fights for Mayo'. I should like to have a chance to show the public that I can at least *try* to do something else than fight."

"Some of my pictures in the future are not going to have brawls in them. I do not care about playing society-man types. Pretty boys are out of my line. I wouldn't play a pretty-boy part because I hate the type."

whose names are written large in the American hall of theatrical fame. Yet Frank, from his early association with the stage and its environs, aspired not to its laurels but rather more to those of the business world.

An excellent business man is he; yet one finds him at times almost impractical in business matters. A fighting Romeo is he in his pictures, yet in his private life his mild manners are such as to cause any mere reporter a cateleptic shock. A creature of temperament one moment, a docile, boy-like, trusting, trysting fellow the next. Paradox!

He is peculiarly difficult, fascinatingly interesting to interview. Yet one cannot interview him. I went to him prepared to get my story along lines I have well defined. Presto! I find my interviewal tab a mere scrap of paper; I am listening not to the Frank Mayo whom I've known on the screen—a two-fisted brute breaker, a contemporary cave man. Instead, I am in conversation with a beatific gentleman who hates fights and the quips of cave-mannishness, who is content to live quietly, simply, out of the limelight. Who cares not for ostentation, who would prefer to live on a small country estate where he could keep a small flock of poultry, a few rabbits, perhaps a cow, than to bask in the luxury of Babylon.

Of course he takes his career seriously. However, Fate's strange twist has decreed that his career shall not take him seriously. Where he would rather be doing "Davy Crockett" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson" he is forced to be content with death-dealing dramas wherein he, the hero, is certain to make a lusty show of his two fists. He, a worshiper of Barrymore, is professionally a devotee of Dempsey.

Not long ago Mayo was married to Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the piano virtuoso, Leopold Godowsky. She, of Polish lineage, inherits all the fire, the so-called "temperament" of her race. She is an excellent foil to his inherent



"Some day," he told me, "I may be a successful farmer."

"The time is coming when an actor in motion pictures will not be chosen because he necessarily happens to look his part but because he can act it. It is then that we shall see the films develop from an industry into an art."

Mayo's first success as an actor was realized abroad. However, he is a dyed-in-the-wool American. But, for seven years, he toured England on the legitimate stage. It was a wonderful training, he says.

He went into pictures as a leading man and has played opposite practically every feminine celebrity on the silver screen. It was because he is essentially an actor rather than just a big, good-looking boy, that Universal made him a star. At present he is one of their greatest drawing-cards. But, it seems, he will always have to fight to satisfy his "fans".

And he hates fighting.

Such is the paradox of Life.



He really prefers to live quietly, simply—out of the limelight. Here he is on the lawn of his home with his wife, Dagmar Godowsky.

He's crazy about dogs.

The Eternal Hunt for Facts

Research Work is a Big Element in
Motion Picture Studio Work

By Adam Hull Shirk

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," might be a good slogan for the Research Department of a film studio. Or, it might be paraphrased to read:

"If you don't know what you want, ask us!"

Elizabeth McGaffey, head of the Research Bureau at Paramount studio in Hollywood, California, started the department several years ago with one and a half shelves of books and a few cases for clippings. It has now expanded to a large room lined with volumes of reference, filing cases galore, chests of drawers and two assistants.

A filing system was devised after study of the Public Library system, which is a combination of the geographic and alphabetical and arranged under main headings for each country, of an arbitrary nature, such as Architecture for the Art Department; Costume for the Wardrobe Props for the Property Department; History, manners and customs for the Scenario Department, etc. The sub-headings cover a wide range, especially under Costume and Architecture, and are in motion picture terms.

The filing system is elastic, providing for future growth. Steel vertical filing cabinets are used.

Elizabeth McGaffey describes her work as "Idea Hunting."

"When," she says, "a writer comes to me and starts in by saying 'Can you suggest—?' I am interested at once, for it presages a long and interesting search which may lead me anywhere—from the city jail to a museum."

She declares that she gets much information from the personnel of



"What is the correct dress and setting for an Apache dance?" The research department found out.



Details of a Siamese temple, supplied by the research department.



"What do French-Canadians eat at a wedding feast?" One of the questions asked the research department.

the studio, where, of course, are gathered men and women of many nationalities and vocations or avocations.

"We were looking for the data which would tell us just how the French order of 'Commander of the Legion of Honor' should be worn," said the research expert. "A young man playing 'atmosphere' in a picture told me his father had just received this decoration, and the mooted point was quickly settled."

"I wanted information as to the way passengers in the steerage of a trans-Atlantic liner lived. A girl with mar-

celled hair and gorgeous stockings proffered the needed facts—the last one you would have expected to possess the necessary knowledge.

For Gloria Swanson's new picture by Elinor Glyn, "Beyond the Rocks," a Buddhist temple in Northern China, near Thibet, is required. There were facts about such shrines to be obtained.

Naturally, the Research Department works hand in hand with the Art Department and others. In Cecil B. De Mille's productions there is usually a large amount of research work, because he frequently uses inserts showing incidents and scenes in past ages. The proper costuming is always a point at issue; also the exact character of properties and one thing or another.

The Apache costumes, types and underground haunts in the ancient Roman catacombs under Paris, for "The Noose," Betty Compson's new picture produced by William D. Taylor, entailed much search in libraries, museums and the obtaining of books of reference from the East, San Francisco and elsewhere.

For "Beyond the Rocks" there is an Alpine scene. The research workers had to dig up facts about the scenery, the kind of ropes used and the other paraphernalia employed by those who guide and those who follow up the rugged steep slopes of the Swiss mountains.

The Research Department, in short, is the link between the writers and the producers. The Costuming, Architectural and Property Departments get much data from this source and in this way that accuracy, which is invariably a characteristic of Paramount Pictures, is assured.

Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



Paragraphs

from Hollywood

NOTHING much doing this week—only one dinner, three luncheons, one supper carnival, one wedding, some accidents, seven fights and two divorces. But the tourists are beginning to come out—maybe they'll stir up a little excitement.

The snappiest occurrence of the past week was the press luncheon inaugurating Richard Walton Tully's production of "The Masquerader," starring Guy Bates Post. It started out to be a very formal affair—they even sent me an engraved invitation—but after the first round of orange juice cocktails all the gentlemen lost their collar-ad expressions. Edward Kimball buckled down to his steak and the rest of us forgot we were guests and made ourselves at home with the orange-juice.

It was given for that fair profession, the Press (cheers!), and eminent authors of the dailies mingled fraternally with stars the while they ate. (Tell me I didn't know what I was doing when I came to Hollywood—they feed you so frequently around here that you just can't keep company with a diet, so mine and I have parted.) We had all the courses from orange juice cocktails to demi-tasse, with speeches for appetizers. Richard Walton Tully and James Young said nice things at each other and Guy Bates Post made a touching speech, rendering effectively an anecdote about a gentleman named Scotch, whom he had once met long, long ago. But me being a sort of Spring-Chicken, as it were, it was ancient history—so I contented myself with the orange juice and wondered what it was all about. Later we watched Guy Bates Post enact the scene before the camera.

Among the stage celebrities present were Guy Bates Post, Richard Walton Tully, James Young, Edward Kimball (father of Clara Kimball Young), who plays Brock, the valet, Kenneth Gibson, son of Ida McGlone Gibson, Katherine Lorimer, and the Press (cheers!) including Me.

Met George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and visited Hades—all without moving from my comfortable camp chair. No, dear Dr. Crafts, I wasn't affected by the orange juice—I was in the reproduction of the Eden Musee of New York, arranged for a Jack White comedy at the United Studios. The wax figures seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely—but maybe they were smiling at us!

Mabel Normand gave a dinner party for the attaches of the Mission Theatre, where "Mollie O" had its local premiere, scoring a six-weeks' run, during which 5,000 letters were received by the theatre commending the picture.

Buck Jones—excuse me, I mean "Charles"—has been in the hospital, suffering from burns caused when his clothes caught fire doing a studio scene.

Claude Gillingwater, beloved "Grandfather Earl" and "Cap'n," seems in the films perpetually. Having completed a role in Rupert Hughes' "Remembrance," he moved over to the next stage on the Goldwyn lot for a part in "The Dust Flower." He was host to twenty children at a party in honor of his son, Claude, Jr., a student in the Urban Military Academy.

Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille entertained with a progressive dinner at her lovely Laughlin Park home in honor of her two nieces.

John Philip Sousa, the march king, has dedicated to filmdom a suite called "Camera Studies," melodizing the sounds around a studio.

James B. Leong, producer of "Lotus Blossom," is going to give a Chinese banquet for officials of the West Coast Theatres, Inc. The dinner will be thirty-six courses, with Chinese music. Sol Lesser may be able to absorb the music, but I want to know where he is going to put thirty-six courses of food!

Rupert Hughes will soon commence his second personally directed story, "Bitterness of Sweets." It is about an ambitious poor girl who often does not have enough to eat. (She must be a writer!) But she has a "figure." (Which few writer-ladies have.) And when she goes upon the stage her graceful figure is a help towards fame and success. (Mine never got me any checks from hard-hearted editors.)



He's Lottie Pickford's wedding party—from left to right they are: Mary Pickford, Alan Forrest (last name Fisher, but dropped on the screen), Lottie Pickford (former married name Rupp) and Douglas Fairbanks.

Attended by sister Mary and Eddie Sutherland, Lottie Pickford Rupp was married the other evening to Alan Forrest Fisher, known on the screen as Alan Forrest. All the stars came out to shine in honor of the bride and the church was crowded to capacity, with tourists hanging precariously from the balcony. The streets were thronged for several blocks around. The ceremony was of extreme simplicity and very short. In the vestibule, waiting to lead the processional, Mary showed evidences of nervousness. "Tell me what to do," she begged. "Well, I'm more nervous than you are," Lottie consoled her sister Mary.

Yet when the strains of Lohengrin sounded our Mary, like the true little aristocrat that she is, led the procession to the altar, head high, a soft little smile on her lips. Jack gave the bride away. "Doug" looked terribly glum over the entire affair—maybe because he wanted the people to stop clapping when he came in and look serious, as one is supposed to be at a wedding. Lottie was very sweet in bridal tulle and satin and Mary, still a bit thin and wan, had an ethereal child-like beauty in her lovely little white satin and chiffon frock, with its panels of fluted ruffles. Mrs. Pickford was in lavender. The bride and groom were whisked away to the

Ambassador, where a dinner was given them, guests including Mary and Doug, Mrs. Pickford, Jack, Mabel Normand, Alice Lake, May McAvoy and Eddie Sutherland (who are liable to be treading the Lohengrin march themselves some day), Mary Miles Minter and Thomas Dixon, Al Roscoe, Bebe Daniels, Hoot Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore.

Richard Dix and his father are great pals. Richard, who has a long-term contract with Goldwyn, was telling his father that the theatrical season in New York was very bad and that many actors were out of work.

"I'm glad you're not an actor, Richard," said Papa Dix. Wow!

These are busy days indeed for Madge Belamy. What with fitting costumes for "Lorna Doone," in which she is to be featured by Maurice Tourneur, and completing scenes for "The Hottentot," in which she plays the leading role opposite Douglas McLean, and answering a couple of dozen interviewers' questions all at once—she doesn't pine for something to do! "The Hottentot" has just been finished—and Madge is anxious to get started on her *Lorna* characterization. She spent all of last Saturday afternoon being fitted for shoes which have been made to order for her. Wait until you see her in *Lorna's* quaint costumes—she looks like a lovely old-fashioned miniature come to life. You almost want to put her in a gold locket!

Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino have come from "Beyond the Rocks." They now are filming fête scenes on the grounds of an English country home—at the Lasky studio. The story is one of those "divorce of convenience" affairs like the one Dumas made up, only different. This time it's a poor noblewoman who marries a wealthy commoner with a paunch, to save the family fortune—a brand-new dramatic "situation" that Madame Glyn has discovered—again. But when Prince Charming Valentino comes along with romance and a slim waistline, business picks up. Incidentally, Gloria is doing some really remarkable work.

May McAvoy came in from her vacation to attend Lottie Pickford's wedding. Seeing the bride and groom off on their honeymoon made May sick for a long trip, so she may go to New York before starting another picture—but won't admit planning to take any one with her! However, if May doesn't have pity soon and fix the date, I know a certain young man who's likely to curl up and die for love of her.

So great was the rain the other day that the Goldwyn company had to use rafts to get to the stages, the water forming a moat around the building. Lunch was carried to them. Helene Chadwick ventured forth to see if the rain would wash the make-up from her face. It did.

The same storm gave the dear Universal girls a chance to buy new raincoats. Priscilla Dean's is a slithery purple affair—she looks like a wind-blown iris out for a stroll. Gladys Walton's is a bright green and Miss Du Pont's a passionate pink, with which she wears black high-heeled rubber boots.

"Fearless Dick Hatton of the Prairies," as his publicists bill him, says that fights and rolling down mountains and being thrown from horses is mere child's play compared to driving a motor in Los Angeles. He had two collisions last week and decided to get out and walk. Whereupon, his arms full of bundles, he was bumped pretty near to eternity by a passing auto. "Me for the tame life of the plains!" said Dick when they picked him up.

A Four-Year-Old Son of Mars

By Charles Elgie

SNATCHED from the talons of death, with the fire of war raging all about him, a helpless eighteen-months-old babe lived to become one of the famous screen child actors of today.

Phillippe de Lacey, playing a child part in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" is one of the most striking examples on record of the miraculous case of an all-powerful Providence. And the story of Phillippe's short life (he is just about able to talk intelligently now), reads like a chapter from some fantastic fairy tale.

No grizzled veteran of the Great Conflict, perhaps, has a more thrilling story than little Phillippe, now four years of age and one of the most striking and beautiful child types on the screen. His very beauty and sweetness of expression seem a miracle in view of the terrible circumstances surrounding his birth and early days of this veritable son of Mars. It is as if he were a living sign that even in the midst of terror, greed, hate and bitter destruction, peace and love can be born and survive.

Had this babe been able to talk, he should probably exclaim more emphatically than did Sherman, that "War is Hell!"

It was during a German air raid near Nancy that little Phillippe was born. His father, together with four of the latter's brothers, had already paid final toll in the great struggle. His mother, herself, then only a child of seventeen, was killed in the same air raid, two days after his birth. A bomb exploded in the vicinity of the house, demolishing the structure completely and killing the mother and grandfather. The grandmother, who was holding the babe in her arms at the time, was unhurt—seemingly a miracle.

Taking her precious burden, the aged lady made her way to an abandoned dugout underneath the house and lived as best she could, finding meagre nourishment from day to day for



You'd never guess his history from his smile.

herself and the child. A little straw on the dirt floor of the dugout was their bed. In this way they existed for eighteen months.

Mrs. Edith de Lacey, who was then with the Women's Overseas Hospital, was at that time doing dispensary work at the hospital in Nancy. She found the old lady in a dying condition. The babe, sitting on the foot of the straw bed, held out its arms to her and said, "Mama!" Assuring the dying grandmother that she would care for the babe, Mrs. de Lacey took little Phillippe in her arms. Then the grandmother breathed her last. Thus passed the last living relative of the child.

Touched by the babe's pitiful cry, "Mama," Mrs. de Lacey immediately began to love and care for it as a mother. First, it had to undergo six months' hospital treatment because of a poor physical condition due to exposure, poor food and privation. When she left for America, some time later, after the signing of the Armistice, she brought the child with her, adopting it as her own.

In the same house where she lived after returning, was an artist who was struck by the child's beauty and perfect features and expressed a desire to paint his portrait. The portrait was painted and soon commercial artists, hearing of the child, sketched him for various advertising work. In this connection he met Geraldine Farrar, who cast him for a part in her picture, "The Riddle Woman." He displayed not only screen beauty and charm, but exceptional histrionic ability and immediately became in demand for screen child parts. Other pictures in which he has appeared prominently are, "What's a Wife Worth?" "The Northern Trail," and "The Rubaiyat." In appreciation of his work in "Without Benefit of Clergy," Rudyard Kipling, the author, sent little Phillippe an autographed copy of the book from England.

A FEW weeks ago a friend of mine made a statement to the effect that motion picture stars, particularly those of my sex, were all conceited. Of course she was kind enough to add:

"You are different. You are not upstage!"

But I was rather disturbed. Others have said the same thing at odd times and it is because all of the screen players I know are quite the reverse

Concerning "Fans"

By Corinne Griffith

of being upstage or conceited, that I hasten to jump to their defense.

All of us (motion picture stars) are the creatures of the public's liking. Whatever we have achieved has been due to the appreciation of the "fans" who admire us and they alone have made us popular. Why, then, should any star take upon herself the mantle of credit?

I number several of the most popular stellar lights among my most intimate friends and I may say, without one exception, that they all realize that their whole life and work are at the mercy of their "fan" friends. Any star who forgets this is slated for an early fall. The public instinctively feels the marked difference between their unaffected and sincere favorite and the altogether new person who self-consciously poses before the camera. They are quick to see the player "let go," as it were. Rumor also carries to the "fans" the departure of their favorite from the path of hard work and naturalness to the road of sloth and pride. And the result is fatal.

Our popularity has come to us from the outside. Once a popular star forgets the hand that feeds her and attributes all her success to her own efforts, she loses the very contact that has given her place.

We must keep faith with the "fans." We are always on trial. "Fans" are a grand jury that sits in session each time one of our pictures is shown and unless a star makes each picture a new objective—a trial to be won, the jury hands down a negative decision. A few such decisions and you are done.

We cannot sit back in self-gratification expecting our laurels to carry us over weak places. It simply can't be done.

In conclusion, I want to add that any star's "fan" mail is an index to the whole situation. It is true that praise and kindly criticism are manifest, but sometimes I am warned against

mannerisms and affectations that from a "fan" friend's viewpoint are hurting my career. They discuss with me every phase of my work from the story itself to my characterization of a role. My "fan" mail is the barometer of my standing in the screen profession.

On such grounds can I or any other star afford to lose contact with "fan" friends? Upstage stars are a trifling minority.



Usually she's too wistful to have time for conceit.



Even when she has somebody's goat, her eyes are still dreamy.

Kerry Writes us from London

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Of course, you know and like Norman Kerry, the handsome leading man whom you saw in "Proxies" and other pictures. Norman has just arrived in London, where he played the lead in "Three Live Ghosts" at the Paramount British studio. He has written us the following amusing letter from the city of fogs.

London, February 1.

Dear Pantomime:

Well, here I am in "dear old Lunnun." It's as different from Hollywood and New York as day from night, but I rawther like the old burg.

I put up at a hotel the first couple of days here, but after that I was lucky. Paul Powell, the American director who has been working at our studio, was about to leave for the States and offered to sub-lease me his comfortable little house in St. John's Wood, on the outskirts of the city. I took him up, after inspecting the jolly diggings.

(By Jove, I'm beginning to talk that way too!)

Paul introduced me to his cook—a rather grubby middle-aged woman—and I didn't like her looks much. But he said she cooked nicely, so I let it go at that.

But, heavens! What a bathroom! There was an armor-plated contraption in one corner that looked like the boiler on one of the New York Central locomotives. The cook explained that it was the receptacle in which the water was heated for my morning "tub."

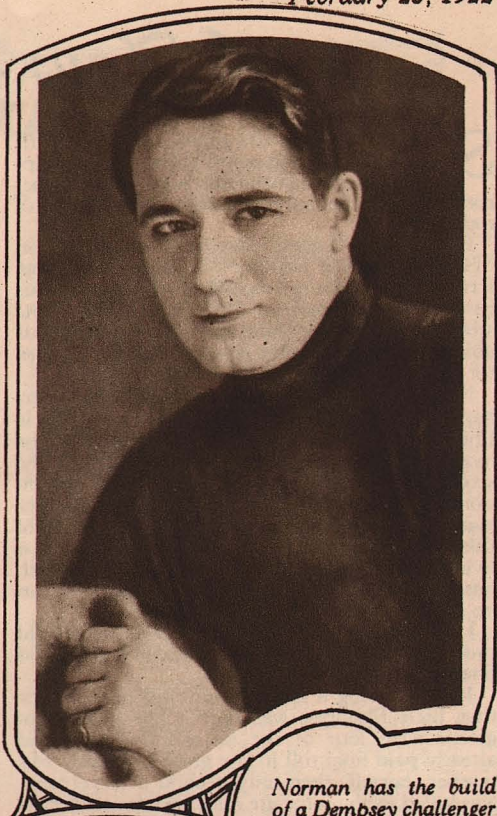
Well, the second morning I was there I lighted the thing up, and went whistling about my shaving. Suddenly there was a sizzling and a bang! The boiler parted quite extemporaneously, and the hot water shot in all directions completely over the bathroom. I attempted to staunch the flow with towels and pieces of clothing, but to no avail.

Dashing to the telephone, I summoned a plumber—and kept summoning one until three o'clock that afternoon, when the gentleman arrived and began leisurely to unpack his tools. By six the leak was fixed, having caused some two hundred dollars, worth of damage, not to speak of the wear and tear on my nerves.

On the third day the cook, whose looks, I repeat, I did not like, departed. Not only did she take herself, but also all our reserve grocery supplies. Moreover, I soon discovered that she had run up bills in my name with the local tradesmen to the extent of some three hundred bucks.

I took a little trip down to police headquarters in Scotland Yard, which heretofore I had only known as a location spot for "Three Live Ghosts," the picture I'm working in, and gave the bobbies there the available dope, so that they might get on track of the missing caviar and *pate de fois gras*.

I don't know what I would do in such trying times if it weren't for Mrs.



Norman has the build of a Dempsey challenger—but even his wife admits his disposition is sweet.



He's awfully generous, is Norman. Just before he left Hollywood he treated Wanda Hawley to a bottle of soda-bop!

Kerry. My wife is the most unexcitable person in the world. Without batting an eye or heaving a sigh, she superintended the clearing up of the



Here's Norman in a scene from "Three Live Ghosts," now filming in London. Please note that he's playing "sans" mustache.

plumber's mess and went out and hired a new cook—one whose looks I, by the way, do like. What's more, I like her cooking, too!

In spite of it all, I'm strong for England. I am thinking of leasing a country home in Sussex or Kent, within commuting distance of the studio, or extending the lease on these St. John's Wood diggings.

George Fitzmaurice is cheerful and debonair as ever. He looks just as natty on The Strand as he does on Fifth Avenue. Arthur Miller, his cameraman, bewails the fact that he left a just-completed house and a new automobile back in the States, but otherwise he's happy.

John Milner, who played the title role in "Experience," is with us, too. He is playing the villain in "Love's Boomerang."

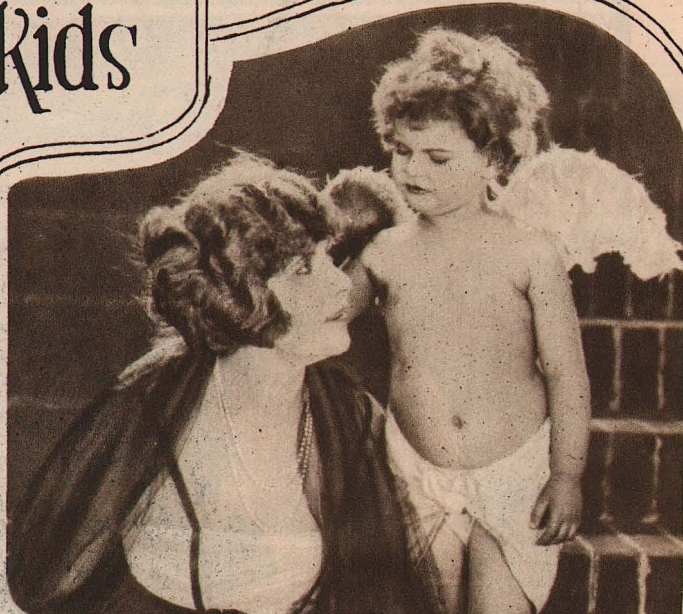
Mr. Robertson calls upon Sir James M. Barrie frequently, and they talk over the filming of "Peter Pan." It hasn't been decided yet whether the picture will be made here or in the United States and whether a boy or a girl will play the title role.

I guess that's all for the present. Best regards to all my fan friends in America.

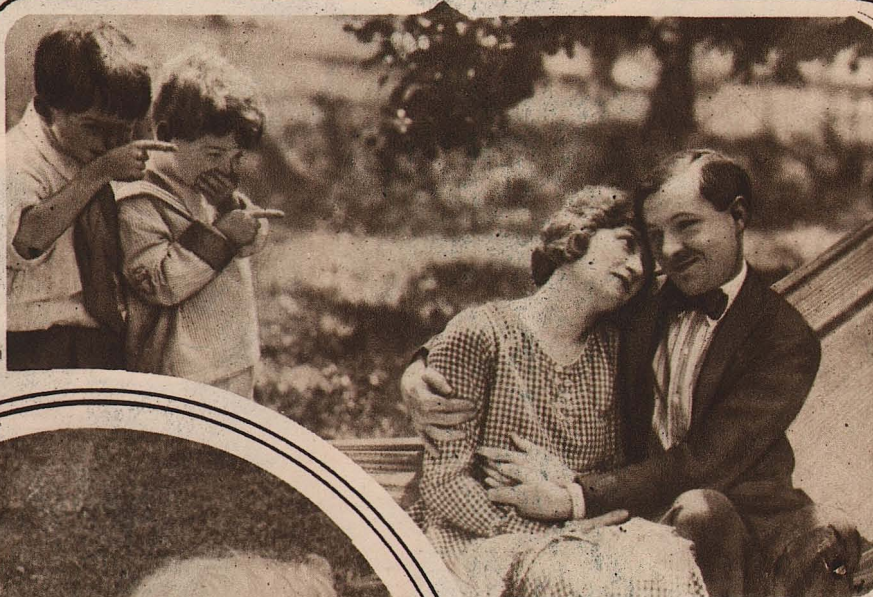
Sincerely,

Norman Kerry.

Just Kids



"Itchie" Headrick, just past four years old, has already become a director. John M. Stahl can tell him what to do, until the boy's table of contents tells him it is meal time, and then "Itchie" leaves the studio cat to mark position and directs things for the next hour.



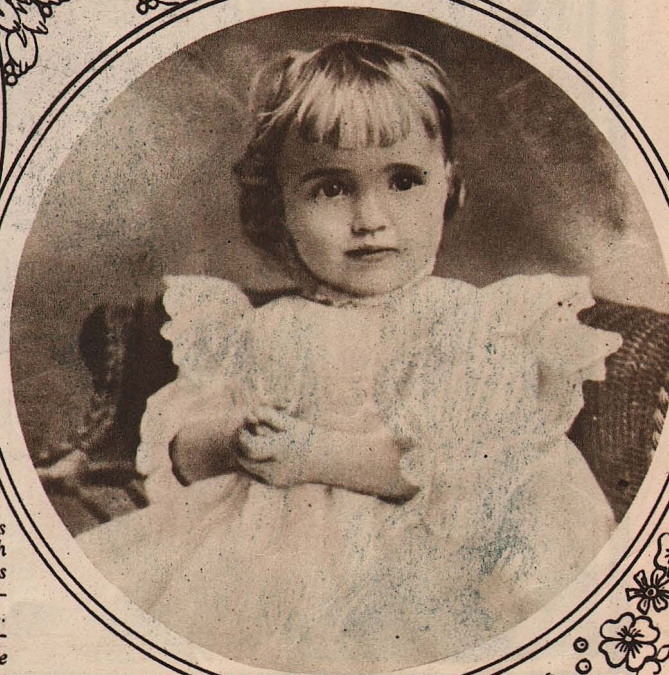
Some day when Dollie Wilson grows up, and is entertaining a young man, mother is going to bring out the family album and show this photograph of how cute Dollie was when she was little. And then Dollie is going to hate the day she posed for it.

The two sons of Ernest Truex are so grown up already that they think that it is rather "sissy" on the part of their father to "spoon" with their "Mumsy" in the Truex family hammock. They condone it, however, because they blame it to a great extent on Mumsy's looks. They'd tempt almost any feller to kiss her.



Here is Stanley Goethals showing that "movie kids" enjoy studying their lessons just about as much as other children. The best part of it is that the California weather permits him to use a year-round bluff of want-in' to do his school work outdoors.

If ever an argument starts as to the first picture in which any of the well-known stars of today made their first appearance, spring this one of them. It is really Constance Talmadge, and aside from those in bathing dishabille, this is really the first picture in which she appeared.





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In the Swim

You're "nobody" nowadays if you haven't a private ocean of your own. Mary and "Doug" have one that is the final word in swimming-pools. It has all the spring-boards and thinga-ma-jigs that expensive swimming-pools just must have. And "at home" in their private ocean the world's two most famous movie stars frolic like children.

* * *

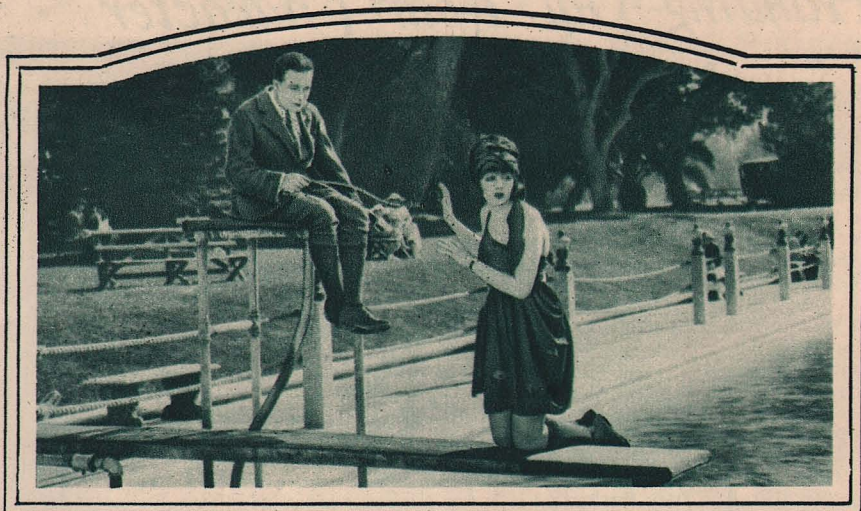
Harold Lloyd hasn't any water in his swimming-pool yet, but you can tell from his expression that he's hopeful. He says he has his new pool all finished and now he's waiting for the winter rains. He will install chutes, diving bars, spring-boards, an unsinkable boat, and it will be electrically lighted and heated by gas. Harold also threatens a fountain and a lily pond. He bought a lot next door to his home for the pool and a tennis court.

* * *

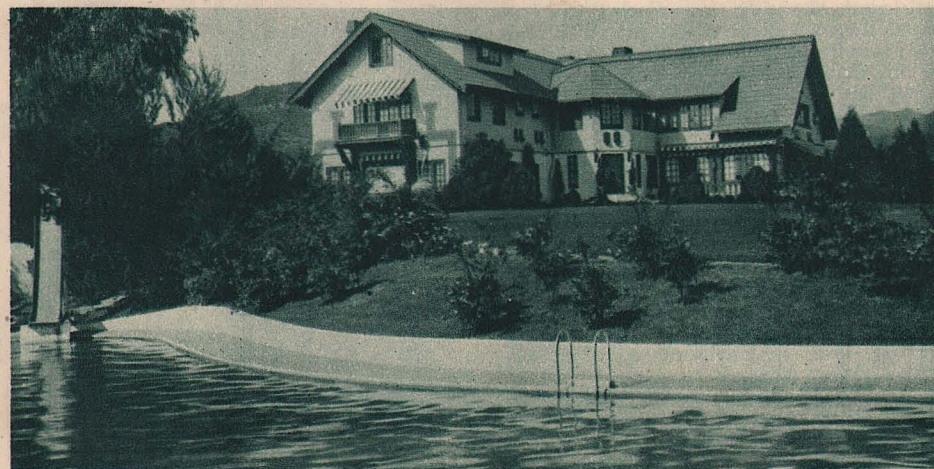
Wallie Reid, on the extreme right of the picture, and the Mrs. (Dorothy Davenport), the young lady on the left, entertain friends in their own back yard. Wallie has a pinkish house, set against a hill, and the whole back yard is swimming-pool. There's a sand pile, the private property of their young hopeful, Billy. Incidentally, the chap on the left looks like he might be Wallie's twin—but he isn't. Can you guess his name? He's in the movies. The other girl isn't.

* * *

Some are born with private oceans, some achieve them, and here is Bebe Daniels about to have one thrust upon her. The man on the diving stand must be one of those old-fashioned ones who hasn't yet realized that a girl may don a bathing suit with no intention of going into the water and still be in good form.



When Thomas H. Ince, producer, feels like taking a dip, he hies him to his back-yard ocean, just like the stars! Now, Tom, where did you get that natty one-piece—been foraging in Mack Sennett's wardrobe department?



Handing Out Your Character

By Alice Calhoun

AMONG the most enjoyable incidentals to motion picture acting are the unexpected bits of knowledge an actress picks up at the great number of places she visits and the wide variety of people she meets.

Folklore is one of the most fascinating subjects I have ever encountered, and when I heard that David Smith, who directed me in "The Little Minister" had been successful in getting a genuine band of gypsies to appear in the production, I could hardly wait to meet these nomads.

Gypsies, you know, are a people who have maintained their original nationality more successfully than any other race. They have no country, but wherever you find them they are the same—just the same now as they were thousands of years ago. Those who write today even write the same language their great-great-great-great grandfathers wrote. With such a people I knew I would have a really wonderful time.

It was even more fascinating than I had anticipated, for the Gypsy Queen happened to take a liking to me, and never seemed to weary of my questions.

Naturally, you can't talk to a Gypsy at all intimately without bringing up the subject of fortune telling, and I was rather amazed when I found that the average Gypsy fortune teller is not possessor of occult gifts, but merely a practitioner of sciences as well grounded and worked out as any we practice.

Palmistry is the basis of all their fortune telling. Naturally the hand doesn't indicate physical descriptions of people whom you know, and whom a Gypsy fortune teller will so frequently describe for you. The secret of this is watching your face while they vaguely describe almost anyone and let your expression be an indication as to when they hit it right. Then they enlarge upon this. Of course it is really trickery of a sort, but based upon the knowledge they can gain from your hands, it is well worth while knowing.

Soft hands indicate imagination, elastic hands physical and mental energy; the possessor of a hard palm is a good worker. A hand broader than it is long belongs to the emotional person, while the philosopher has a rather large, long, well-developed bony hand. The useful hands are square, of moderate size, with fingers of even width from palms to ends. The owners are tenacious and persevere. They love order, truth and fair play. The active hand is broad at the base, and the fingers are broad and flat. These people are self-confident, independent, original, love action, motion and desire to be on the go all the time. The elementary hand is very thick and has a hard palm, short, stiff, heavy fingers, the tips rounded and shapeless. The owners have little mental capacity, but are cunning. Many hands are a combination of one or more of these types, and the character of their possessors is a combination of the qualities indicated.

It would require a volume to tell all I learned about hands from the Gypsy Queen. But these people go more by the shape of the hands, fingers, nails and thumb than they do by the lines to read character. Their palmistry seems to be more a science of deduction and common sense than any occult power.

Since I have learned so much from the gypsy I have been studying the hands of those about me and I find that I can read the character of the possessor nine times out of ten. It is a pleasing diversion in spare time.

Nails that are shorter than they are wide indicate quick temper, inclined to be inquisitive, skeptical and critical. They analyze everything. Those with exceedingly short nails are teasing, worrying and quarrelsome. Short, thick, hard nails also indicate a quarrelsome person. Short nails, broad and square and red, indicate stubbornness. The large, long nail, round at the base, is indicative of clear, sound judgment, even temper, an artistic and idealistic person who takes life easy. Long, thin, narrow nails belong to the timid, retiring, cowardly nature. Pale nails show physical and moral weakness, cold, unsympathetic nature and when short are deceitful. The natural color of nails is pink with white crescents at the base, which indicate a cheerful, hopeful nature.

Long fingers denote love of detail, aptitude for doing small things well, ability to analyze and know when little things are well done. They worry over trifles. Short fingers have the opposite characteristics. They jump at conclusions, have a quick understanding; but lack detail. The natural fingers have few characteristics and denote equal balance to physical and mental faculties. On the second finger is based the natural length of the fingers. Each finger has a natural length relative to the length of this finger. From the length of each finger important deductions may be made. A long first finger denotes a desire to rule others. Short fingers denote a dislike of responsibility. A long second finger denotes thought, desire to avoid society and melancholy tendencies; while a short one shows lack of prudence, frivolity and want of caution.

The long third finger denotes speculation; while the short belongs to gamblers. The fourth finger indicates influence. Thick fingers puffed out at the base where they join the palm belong to the selfish. Fleshy lumps on the inside of each finger denote sensitiveness. Waist shape at the base denotes unselfishness; but dainty, preferring quality to quantity.

The thumb tells much. It represents reason and will. There are many other indications of character told by the flexibility of hand and fingers, the position of fingers and thumb which are interesting; but which would require too much space to explain.



Alice Calhoun acquired a good working knowledge of palmistry at the same time she was working good on location.

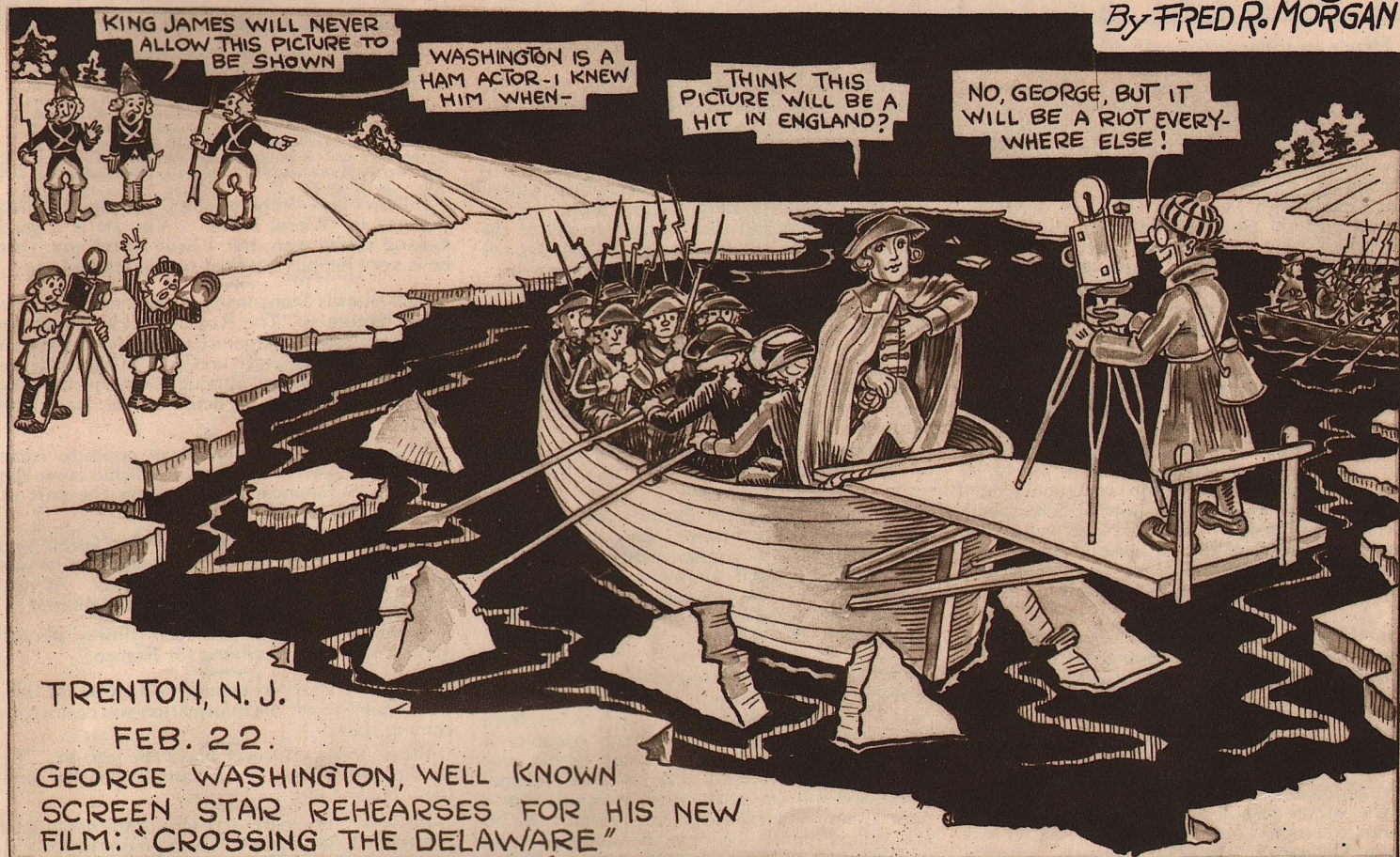
Alice Calhoun in gypsy costume seated on the famous wishing stone of gypsy legend.



Here is the hand of a well-known star. Can you tell who it is from what Miss Calhoun tells you of palmistry?

Pantomime's News Weekly

By FRED R. MORGAN



FANDOM NOTES

Here's an answer to many inquiries as to what stars were doing ten years ago!

Wallace Reid was working as a pick-and-shovel man on the Shoshone Dam, in Wyoming. Betty Compton was playing around the silver mine in Utah, near which she was born. Dorothy Dalton was attending Sacred Heart Academy, Chicago. Thomas Meighan was making his debut as a stage actor with Henrietta Crosman, in Pittsburgh. Gloria Swanson returned to Chicago with her family after several years spent at an army post in Porto Rico. Agnes Ayres was the reigning belle in the town of Carbondale, Ill. William De Mille was writing plays for David Belasco. Rodolf Valentino was attending a military academy in Taranto, Italy. George Melford made a picture called "The Boer War," and spent \$26,000 on it. This was a stupendous price for the day and almost broke the hearts of the Kalem officials. Leatrice Joy was the prettiest girl in her class at a convent in New Orleans, La. Lila Lee was attending public school in New York City. Lois Wilson was hoping soon to graduate from Alabama Normal School and become a schoolmarm. Conrad Nagel was giving learned lectures on the Chataqua circuit for the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. Jack Holt was herding cattle on a ranch in Oregon.

It's Rodolf Valentino now, not Rudolph. The new Paramount star is reversing the usual procedure of cinema stars. He recently divorced his wife on the grounds of desertion and now he has changed his first name.

He apparently is not acquainted with any proof readers.

Viola Dana threw the first ball at the opening of the winter league baseball season in Sacramento, the capital of California. The batter was Jimmy O'Connell, "the \$75,000 beauty," recently bought by the New York Giants. Jimmy was unable to connect with Miss Dana's delivery. He said he could not help looking at her instead of keeping his eye on the ball.

Gareth Hughes, headed for a dinner party in Los Angeles, had lost his host's address.

"You'd better ask a policeman," his chauffeur suggested.

"No," said Mr. Hughes, "he's a good, upright chap. I don't think he's known to the police."

"The following with bootlegger costumes as ordered:

"Vincent Higgin, Joe Ryan, two odd men—bootlegger types."

This is the remarkable inscription that appeared on the call board at Paramount's western studio recently for a location trip. The question was: "What's a bootlegger, type?"

One of the actors reading the call said he had seen one of the men named with a pair of bushy whiskers. Perhaps that's the answer.

Here's the best one I've seen yet from a rabid "fan." Lillian Way, the street upon which Metro studio is located, received its first "fan letter," reading, "Dear Lillian, I have seen you on the screen many times. Please send me your picture without a hat on."

Miss Mary O'Connor, recently back from Paramount's London studio, can't express herself too freely about the five o'clock tea-drinking habit they have over there, and in all the time she spent there never once fell a victim to the wild debaucheries Sir Thomas Lipton is responsible for. "It's all right for dainty little dolls," she says, "but, my dear, can you imagine seeing a husky carpenter dangling a piece of scenery in one hand and a cup of weak tea in the other! Maybe that's why so many of those foreign-baked pictures have a listless air—and here I've been blaming it onto the fog!"

If you're an Ethel Clayton "fan," slip a frilly collar and cuff set into the mails for her. She told me yesterday that's her fad and she can't get enough of them.

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

Something is going to happen soon in the case of Omar Khayyam vs. Mammon.

Ferdinand Earle, who is proxy for Omar by right of two years devoted to filming his Rubaiyat, packed his grips Monday and suddenly left Los Angeles for New York.

In New York are the upholders of Mammon in the persons of certain stockholders of the Rubaiyat, Inc., who, Mr. Earle alleges, seized a great part of his film and took it East to delete the "silly quatrains" of Omar, and to expand the melodrama to standard "movie" mellowness.

Despite Earle's restraining suit in Superior Court, a preview of the picture had been announced to the trade a couple of weeks ago. Instead of the preview, Rubaiyat officials exchanged several telegrams with Earle, who still holds three reels of important negative film. As a result of the wires the artist-producer is speeding Gotham-ward.

Evidently matters will now either be patched up with Producer Earle or legal fur will fly.

The fact that Ernst Lubitsch, the noted German motion-play director, cuts his pictures himself is hailed as a great achievement. Mr. Lubitsch may stand alone in this respect in Europe, but not in America. Half a dozen of the big fellows do the same thing over here. And after them—the censors!

One of the most historic musical instruments in the world will figure in George Fitzmaurice's next Paramount production, "The Man from Home." The grand piano which occupies a prominent position in the closing scenes was designed by the late Sir L. wrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., and was one of the great classical artist's most treasured possessions, for inside of the lid are vellum panels bearing the autographs of such musical celebrities as Tschaiakowsky, Boito, Clara Schumann, Paderewski, Saint-Saens and Melba.

The instrument is constructed of polished oak with ivory enrichments of carved foliage and patterns inlaid in ebony and ivory. The body is supported by columns of rosewood and ebony, and the end of the case is decorated with a silver bas-relief of Orpheus by G. B. Amendala. The music seat is made to correspond, the painting on the back in oils, showing Roman figures dancing to the music of a flute-player, being the work of Sir Alma-Tadema himself.

The piano is valued at several thousand pounds.

"Sheik," Rodolf Valentino's Belgian police dog, is receiving new cinema distinction along with his master. The big dog is now working side by side with Valentino and Gloria Swanson.

Some new wrinkles in stage mechanics were worked out in the Lasky studio at Hollywood during the filming of "Moran of the Lady Letty," featuring Dorothy Dalton. After exterior scenes aboard a schooner had been made at sea off San Francisco, the company returned to the studio to make cabin interiors. The cabin was erected on the lot on rockers, so that the supposed ship could be made to "roll" in the seas by the action of several husky extras on a rocking beam.

To get the proper effect of a rolling ship with the camera a clever handling of shadows was used. Light was thrown from a stationary spotlight down one of the ship's ventilators. Reflected on the cabin floor, this light and its alternate shadow on the deck produced a better illusion of a rocking ship than can be secured by ordinary means, in the opinion of Director Melford.

Flying is bound to be popular at the Hal E. Roach Studios, for a cable tramway for airplanes is being constructed on the lot that is 150 feet high and 200 feet long, with capacity to carry a weight of over six tons. Two biplanes, that are absolutely practical, are now being built at the studios, each large enough to carry six passengers. The planes are being built for use by the various comedy companies and will be completed in about two weeks.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In order to insure the editors against the inquiry being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of some particular actor or actress, all questions must be signed by the writer's name and address. This is for our own information and will not be published unless desired. In case a personal answer is desired, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question. Personal answers will be made the day the query is received. Others will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

Fillum Fan—William Parks, Jr., played Jared Wolcott in "Moral Fibre." Yes, he is a good looking young man, but I have to tell you that he is very happily married to Gladys Hulette.

Nell—Lewis Stone is in his early thirties. His latest picture is "The Rosary." He played an important role in "River's End." He admits to a great love for the screen and says he has no desire to return to the stage, although he enjoyed a very successful career as an actor on the legitimate stage.

Mac—Kenneth Harlan plays opposite Alice Brady in "Dawn of the East." Michio Itow, the well-known Japanese dancer, plays the part of Sotan in this picture.

Peggy—I don't know whether Ben Turpin was born cross-eyed or not. I have heard that he was not. That his eyes just got that way. At any rate, he is not liable to have them straightened.

Myra—Will Rogers' small son, Jimmy, played Jimmy Jones in "Doubling for Romeo."

D. R.—The pictures mentioned are so old that I am unable to get the information you desire concerning them.

Plaza—Nancy Deaver plays the lead in "The Law of the Yukon," "Chivalrous Charlie" and the "Trail of Heart's Desire."

Babette—The part of Frank Devereaux was played by Lew Cody in "The Sign on the Door." Charles Richman is the husband of Norma in this picture. You're welcome.

Mack—Carol Dempster is the girl you mention in "Dream Street." And by the way, she has been chosen to play the feminine lead in "Sherlock Holmes." John Barrymore will play Sherlock.

Natalie—Syracuse, N. Y., is the birthplace of Doris Kenyon. She was educated in Packer Institute and Columbia University. She is making a picture at the present time entitled "Idle Hands." In this picture she will play opposite George Arliss, one of the most finished actors on the stage or screen.

G. T. E.—Ruth Clifford was born in 1900. She has brown hair and dark blue eyes. She is a champion golf player.

Worthy—Yes, Gloria Hope is married. She and Lloyd Hughes were married some time last summer. She has auburn hair and blue eyes. Tom Forman is a native of Texas. I do not know his age.

J. W.—Gladys Hulette appeared on the stage at the tender age of 3. She created the role of Tyl Tyl in "The Blue Bird." She is 21 years old and married to William Parks, who has recently completed "Moral Fibre" with Corinne Griffith. Miss Hulette's latest picture is "Tollable David" opposite Richard Barthelmess.

Alice J.—Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. The only picture in which they have ever appeared together is "Wild Honey," Priscilla Dean's latest picture.

Dejected—So sorry you did not receive the answer you were looking for. I suppose it was lost in the mail. The stars either answer their mail or have their secretaries attend to it for them. Yes, Alice Lake plays a dual role in "The Infamous Miss Revell."

S. C.—Tora Teye and Jenny Hasselquist are both members of the Swedish Biograph Company.

Polly—Marcia Manon in "The Forbidden Thing," and "Ladies Must Live." She will be seen in a prominent role in "The Masqueraders" very soon.

Kiss-Kiss! Who's Kissing Now?

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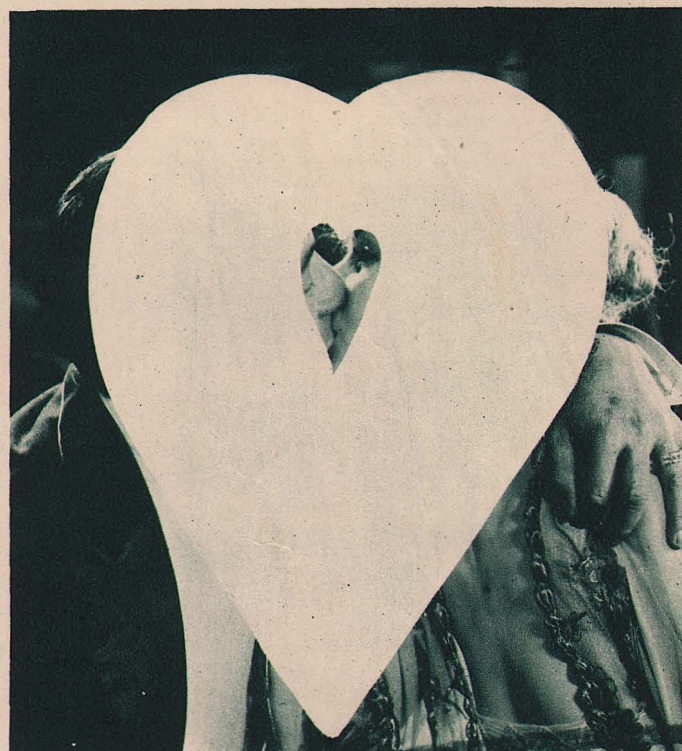
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